AUG. 10, 1940

Liberty

5¢

MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH MUSSOLINI by Magda Fontanges

DID STALIN POISON LENIN? by LEON TROTSKY

"That Horse gets away Fast"

Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

Instant response, smooth pick-up, full power! Mobilgas answers these demands—and more! You get complete "Balanced Performance"! Drive in for Mobilgas and Mobiloil.

WHEN TRAFFIC LIGHTS GO green . . . you don't want to be left at the post. Pick the gasoline that *gets away fast*—*Mobilgas*. It's sold at the friendly Flying Red Horse Sign.

You'll like Mobilgas...when you try its flashing action, its smooth purring power...in *your* car. Here's why—

Mobilgas is *made* for modern motors. It atomizes instantly; burns cleanly; delivers full power to every cylinder.

Starting, climbing, cruising—you get the "Balanced Performance" that has made this gasoline America's favorite!

1. Quick starts despite cool engine.
2. Fast warm-up—rapid acceleration.
3. Freedom from vapor-lock—no stalls.
4. Minimum crankcase oil dilution.
5. High anti-knock value.
6. Cleanliness—freedom from gum.
7. Full, smooth power under all conditions.
8. Long mileage—economical operation.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC. AND AFFILIATES: Magnolia Petroleum Co.—General Petroleum Corporation of California.

Do you see a Little Girl?
No! I see a Debutante of 1952.

Is she a Popular Debutante?
How could She miss with that Lovely Smile!

Is She Lucky to have a Smile like that?
Perhaps–but She always has used Ipana and Massage.

Why risk "Pink Tooth Brush"? Help your gums to become firmer, your smile brighter—with Ipana and Massage.

JUDY won't always be wearing pig-tails . . . but the chances are she'll have her heart-catching smile for a long, long time. For Judy is a little girl who knows about the proper care of teeth and gums.

She can tell you why gum massage is so important to healthy gums and sparkling smiles! For she, like thousands of youngsters, has learned in her classroom that the soft foods we eat deny our gums the exercise they need. That's why gums often tend to become tender, sensitive—and signal their weakness with a warning tinge of "pink"!

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

As soon as "pink" appears on your tooth brush—*see your dentist!* It may not mean serious trouble, but let him decide. Very likely, he'll tell you your gums need help—need exercise and stimulation. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage"!

For Ipana does more than clean teeth. Used with massage, Ipana is especially designed to aid the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang" you notice is exclusive with Ipana and massage. It means that circulation is awakening in gums . . . helping them to become firmer.

Get a tube of Ipana today. Begin the daily habit of Ipana and massage . . . for healthier gums, brighter teeth, a more attractive smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste

AUGUST 10, 1940

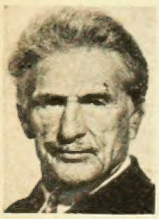
Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 32

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ANOTHER WAY TO SAVE THE AMERICAN SYSTEM



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Throughout all history there has never been a more magnificent inheritance than that which has come to us through that which we call Americanism. Croesus, said to be the richest man in all history, was a piker compared to some of our wealthy citizens before we began to copy the various European isms.

They say we have no more frontiers, but there are millions upon millions of acres of fertile land lying idle in this country at this time. There are more than twelve million available acres in the State of Florida alone—rich black muckland. We have billions upon billions of values, the products of commercial genius, all due to the guiding force of constitutional Americanism. It cannot be repeated too often that all the inventions which have revolutionized the life of this generation have been created or promoted in this country. Here we have fertile soil for the evolvement of genius. We have had the incentive for its development, the freedom that Americanism has given us.

Business is the lifeblood of the nation, and it can grow to colossal proportions only when left to develop freely in accordance with the rules of economic law. Unless we recognize and avert the dangers now facing us, the steellike grip of political schemers will have business of all kinds thoroughly intimidated and rigidly controlled.

Now, here is another method of saving the American system. Recently I made a personal political demonstration of what can be done by entering the campaign for United States Senator from Florida. Old-time politicians considered my campaign a joke, but a large percentage of the voters thought otherwise. Although I was defeated, many of my friends claimed I was counted out unfairly and that the showing indicated that if the campaign had started earlier I would have been assured of election. And Wendell Willkie is another very shining example of a business man going into politics. He is making himself heard in a big way.

Now, substantial business men throughout this country should go into politics. They are the main source of the production of wealth. They have acquired the knowledge essential to properly manage business affairs. They have learned the value of a balanced budget. If they were to take part in the political game they would use business principles in governmental management.

Yes, this administration blamed business for the depression, but the depression was world-wide. It would be just as sensible to blame business for a hurricane or other destructive forces of nature. The fact that we were behind all other nations in our recovery program is damning evidence of governmental incompetency.

Nearly every governmental office is filled with citizens who have to depend on salaries for their support. Now, successful business executives could give their services without salary, and the old-time reference to "rotten politics" would then cease to be appropriate.

Intelligent business management is sadly needed at the present time in all official positions. At this time especially, governmental policies should be directed with the view of encouraging the promotion of various enterprises that would furnish additional employment.

Many of our leading executives have built up huge organizations. They frequently retire with the idea of taking life easy. But though a capable and energetic executive may be satisfied for a few months in idling away his time, such an uninteresting routine finally becomes monotonous. He must have an outlet for his energy and enthusiasm. The ability of these especially efficient citizens should be turned to the management of governmental affairs.

The business men of this country can save the life of this nation. They should enter politics, become candidates for office, and give us the benefit of the extraordinary efficiency which business executives in America have manifested in building the world's wealthiest nation.

The politicians are making extraordinary efforts to control business; but business men should turn about, enter the political arena, and secure control of the government. If they are sufficiently active they may save America, the "land of the free and the home of the brave," from the European isms which are slowly but surely replacing our much beloved American ideals.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.
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EMPTIES TO TAKE BACK

H BEER IN CANS, YOU DON'T BOTHER WITH RETURNS

NO DEPOSITS TO PAY

When you buy beer or ale in cans, you don't pay deposits on the containers. Already more than two billion cans trademarked "KEGLINED" have brought this new convenience to beer drinkers everywhere.

SO EASY TO CARRY HOME

Cans weigh less; are compact and handy, yet hold exactly the same amount of beer or ale. Cans trademarked "KEGLINED" are opened the easy, modern way; pour smoothly and can't break.

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You get the most refreshment in the least space in your refrigerator with beer or ale in level-top cans. Cans trademarked "KEGLINED" are quick-cooling, compact and easy to stack. Easy to drink from, too.

THE BETTER BRANDS COME IN CANS

TRADEMARKED KEGLINED
TRADE MARK AM CAN CO

AMERICAN CAN COMPANY

12-Oz. and Quart Sizes

FLAVOR PROTECTED · IN TOTAL DARKNESS · IN CANS TRADEMARKED "KEGLINED."

BACK FROM HAVANA

OWL: Paul, you look great! Have a fine vacation in Havana?

DERRINGER: Say, if the team feels like I do, the Reds will win the pennant!

OWL: Everybody in baseball knows you enjoy good cigars, Paul. Did you try any of those Havana cigars in Cuba?

DERRINGER: Smoked 'em all the time!

OWL: Then you can speak with authority. Try this *new* White Owl and tell me if it has the real Havana flavor.

PAUL DERRINGER *finds real Havana flavor in* NEW WHITE OWL

DERRINGER (*after several puffs*): Say, this is great! It's milder than an all-Havana Cuban cigar. But it's the real Havana taste, all right.

Paul Derringer, star pitcher of the National League, looked in fine condition when interviewed shortly after the 1940 season began. He'd recently returned from a Havana vacation.

Paul had sampled many kinds of Havana cigars in Cuba, and we asked his opinion of the *new* White Owl with its blended-with-Havana filler. He gave it a thorough test . . . said there was no doubt about its authentic Havana flavor. You'll enjoy its rich, mellow Havana taste, too.

Try a NEW WHITE OWL—Today 5¢

New White Owls Made in America—See how at New York World's Fair, 1940

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HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

THEATER Quiz

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct ..... Excellent
30 Correct ..... Good
25 Correct ..... Fair
20 Correct ..... Passing
Under 20 ..... Failing

1—Did John Barrymore ever appear in a musical comedy?

2—What have these five in common: Kay Laurell, Martha Mansfield, Lilian Lorraine, Gladys Glad, Annette Bade?

3—What is meant by the theatrical saying, " to rent four walls "?

4—What relation to one another were Charles, Daniel, and Gus Frohman?

5—What have the following actresses in common: Marie Tempest, Elsie Ferguson, Ina Claire, Billie Burke, Gertrude Lawrence, Marguerite Clark, Peggy Conklin, Miriam Hopkins, Ethel Waters?

6—Which three plays hold the record for the longest Broadway runs?

7—In what play was money in huge sums constantly mentioned?

8—The central characters in the following plays have one thing in common: Ladies in Retirement, Suspect, [illegible]e Pine Street, Dishonored Lady, Mamba's Daughters, Black Widow. What is it?

9—How many living players with Barrymore for one of their names can you think of?

10—What have the following actors in common: Cedric Hardwicke, Martin Harvey, Gerald du Maurier, Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Guy Standing, Beerbohm Tree, Charles Wyndham, Seymour Hicks?

11—What actress, after a failure in the theater, went into the moving pictures for several years, and then returned and became a theatrical success?

12—Name three plays in which Helen Hayes has played women of different nationalities.

13—What have the following six plays in common: Sappho, The God of Vengeance, Mrs. Warren's Profession, The Demi-Virgin, Sex, The Captive?

14—Who is the most prolific playwright in the American theater?

15—What have the following in common: Kyrle Bellew, Henry E. Dixey, Richard Bennett, William Faversham, John Drew, John Barrymore, Vincent Serrano?

16—Who was the first strip teaser to offer her act on the American stage?

17—What women playwrights have won the Pulitzer Prize?

18—There are, of course, the Marx Brothers. Can you name three other well known brother acts?

19—What subsequently enormously successful recent play was turned down by twenty-seven different theatrical producers when it was submitted to them?

20—What famous American stage beauty had arms so inconsistent with her pulchritude that her more astute producers saw to it that they were covered up?

21—What are the two most successful Negro musical shows to have been produced in New York?

22—What have the following plays in common: Outward Bound, A Passenger to Bali, Moon of the Caribbees, Sea Dogs, Excursion?

23—In what play did a character first tap his walking stick in the face of an audience to suggest the existence of an actual stage fourth wall?

24—In what Shakespearean play other than Romeo and Juliet does a Juliet appear?

25—Who is the well known newspaper publisher who was once an exceptionally promising playwright, who wrote the best American newspaper play of its time, who wrote a play on Catholicism that aroused wide discussion, who wrote another ridiculing rich society, of which he was a member, and who hasn't written for the theater since?

26—What have the following plays in common: Once in a Lifetime, Boy Meets Girl, Merton of the Movies, Schoolhouse on the Lot, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, Personal Appearance?

27—Who was the tallest actress on the local legitimate stage in the last twenty years?

28—Name three actresses who have professionally used only a single name.

29—What play has been Katharine Cornell's biggest failure?

30—What have Shakespeare's The Taming of the Shrew, Love's Labour's Lost, and Henry V in common?

31—Name two of the four dramatized outstanding American best sellers that have achieved the greatest theatrical success.

32—Name three plays in which Ethel Barrymore has " died."

33—What is the famous play that ends with the line, " Good God!—people don't do such things."?

34—What is Little Eva's last name and how is it spelled?

35—Name two plays in which Death has been personified as a character.

36—Name three American writers who in recent seasons have appeared on the stage as actors.

37—What is the correct spelling of the name of the musical show that contained the famous Tell Me, Pretty Maiden sextette?

38—What was the name of the melodrama in which a revolver silencer was first employed?

39—In what later-day production of Romeo and Juliet did Juliet, upon her first meeting with Romeo, kiss him?

40—What have these in common: Professor Brander Matthews, Max Beerbohm, Thomas E. Dewey, Ed Wynn?

(Answers will be found on page 31)

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

My

At last a famous figure of mystery reveals her secret

MAGDA FONTANGES was a French newspaperwoman who—until she interviewed Mussolini with the result that he became her lover, and that she later shot and wounded Count Charles de Chambrun, French ambassador to Rome, because she suspected that the Count had come between them and broken off their romance—was practically unknown. Her real maiden name was Magda Coraboeuf. She was born in La Roche, the only child of a portrait painter. She was a pretty brunette, vivacious and bright. Her upbringing was strict, and her destiny seemed to be marriage and the rearing of a family, but by the time she was finished with school she was eager to shine in some conspicuous profession. The stage appealed to her most, and she persuaded the manager of the

Love Affair With MUSSOLINI

Odéon, one of the more celebrated Parisian theaters, to give her a bit part. Fontanges then became her stage name.

Upon realizing that her theatrical ability was too slight to warrant hope of a resplendent future, she turned to journalism, dreaming of great scoops. But before long she became the wife of M. Yves de la Ferrière, and resigned herself to seven years of quiet domesticity. Then her husband died, and she went back into journalism. She was moderately successful. Since she was a young woman of exceptional charm, it was often easy for her to reach noted personalities. She remained unmarried, though she made many friends among men.

When she was about thirty she had a love affair with a French politician which ended unpleasantly. She found consolation in an assignment to cover the League of Nations sessions dealing with the invoking of sanctions against Italy because of the Italian invasion of Ethiopia. In Geneva she listened to the plans that were being made to "starve out" Mussolini. As she said later, she was tremendously impressed with what appeared to her to be Il Duce's great daring. He loomed before her eyes as a giant shaking his fist at the lightning—defying most of the world's great nations to do their worst.

An audacious idea seized upon her. As a newspaperwoman she might interview Mussolini.

Magda at the time had a secondary job: she had recently been appointed to the publicity staff of the Paris Exposition. She needed her salary, and should have returned home. But, instead, obtaining authorization for the interview from the management of La Liberté, and letters of introduction to Achille Starace and to Count de Chambrun, she went to Sestri, near Genoa, and wired the Ministry of Propaganda in Rome her request for an interview.

What followed is told in her own words:

His glance is now very tender, his voice gentle. He has taken my hand . . . I hold on to his.

By MAGDA FONTANGES

PART ONE—A SIREN'S ROAD TO ROME

I HAD been a fortnight at Sestri, the Italian resort for winter sports, when, in March, 1936, I decided to wire the Ministry of the Press at Rome in order to obtain for my newspaper an interview with Mussolini. The thought of returning to Paris at that time had become unbearable.

On the other hand, the Eternal City had had a particular attraction for me since the preceding September. As special reporter for La Liberté at Geneva, I had witnessed the struggle for sanctions by the League of Nations, and the prodigious personality of Mussolini, facing the world alone, had impressed me very deeply.

I had obtained from the manager of La Liberté two letters introducing me as the representative of his newspaper at Rome. One was addressed to Count de Chambrun, French ambassador to Italy, the other to Signor Starace, Secretary General of the Fascist Party.

Fifteen days went by. At last I received from the Minister of Propaganda a railroad pass from Sestri to Rome.

Rome. . . . historic memories! Antique ruins! Marble statue of Caesar! How small all these were, when there reigned over Rome an all-powerful master, a modern demigod! I felt that nothing would live for me unless I went near the one who was the goal of my trip.

Three days after my arrival, I was sent for by the Minister of the Service for Foreigners, who informed me that only Signor Alfieri, Minister of the Press, could obtain from Mussolini the interview I wished.

I had to wait a few days longer before I was introduced to Dino Alfieri, now Mussolini's envoy in Berlin. He is young, amiable, handsome enough, of average intelligence. He asked about my stay in Rome, invited me to attend the Opera with him that very evening, and promised to plead for me to Il Duce the next morning.

"The Head of the Government," he told me, "does not want to see any more reporters before Addis Ababa is taken, but I shall inform him that you do not resemble the others, that you are young and pretty."

At nine o'clock, wearing a black velvet dress and an ermine cape, I was waiting for Dino Alfieri in the lobby of the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs, where he also resided. He paid me high compliments on my appearance.

In the loge at the Opera there were already two women of Roman society

and the male cousin of one of them. Dino was seated behind me, and throughout the performance he never ceased brushing his lips against my arms and my bare back.

The spectacle over, he proposed that we should end the evening at the Cabaret, a night club in the basement of the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs. Toward one in the morning he had to go to his office to receive some important telephone calls. I remained a while with the other Romans, and when I went up to the lobby the clerk handed me an envelope marked "Urgent." The paper in it bore the letterhead of the Propaganda Ministry. It was a charmingly written message from Alfieri wishing me a good night.

The following morning, very early, a bellboy arrived, bringing me flowers and a letter from Alfieri. This time he was writing me to wish me a good day.

20th of April, 1936.

Dino Alfieri continues to shower me with attentions. I see him every day and have dined with him several times. He has asked me recently to dine with him alone. I have great difficulties keeping things on a safe level. He already shows himself to be jealous, and he is preventing me from making other acquaintances.

I telephoned him one evening at the Ministry, when Balbo was there, and it was Balbo who picked up the receiver. He had heard of me, and sought to organize a party of four, with Princess Boncompagni. Dino claimed to have an engagement, refused, and told me about it later. When I asked him for an explanation, he replied in a hard voice:

"I know him! He will pay court to you, and I don't want that!"

I am eager to end this unsettled situation. Already there is gossip in Rome. . . . It is time that my destiny should shape itself toward the goal I am seeking. . . .

The day, so long awaited, of the interview has arrived at last! I am particularly moved and nervous. I believe that no one meets Il Duce for the first time without emotion; but for me it is more than a meeting. This first interview will decide my fate! If he finds me uninteresting, there will be a short chat—five minutes—and the door will be closed behind me . . . and it will be adieu forever!

Since morning I have been occupied with preparations. At two o'clock I start to dress. I have decided on a Jenny ensemble—a black dress in *cloque* tissue with white trimmings at neck and sleeves; the coat is black also, with gathers at the shoulders and a trimming of silver fox; the hat is a small Rose Valois panama with white trimming. The handbag and shoes are of black buckskin with patent-leather trimmings. The gloves, from Alexandrine's, are buckskin and black kid.

The time grows near, and my emotion increases. . . . I send for a whisky, and I wait nervously until the telephone rings to inform me that the minister's car is waiting for me before the hotel.

I go downstairs hastily and get into the automobile. My emotion grows stronger and stronger as we roll on. Here is the Venice Palace! The car rolls under an arched gateway, stops, and immediately several policemen surround me and ask for my letter permitting the interview. I am asked to wait for some minutes while some one telephones to the first floor to announce my arrival.

Then I am asked to take the elevator. At the first floor, the chief usher opens the door and asks me to follow him. A dozen lackeys in fancy blue uniforms greet me with a Fascist salute, which I return. I am asked to wait in a rather small room furnished in old style, with a table in the center. Oil paintings by masters ornament the walls.

I am alone. . . . No one disturbs my last minutes of anxiety. . . . Then the usher returns to call me. . . . Mussolini is receiving at the exact appointed time. My heart beats hard. I am determined to triumph. The emotion, the desire and the joy of seeing *him*, give me a particular radiance. . . . I feel it—I know that I am beautiful and that I can attract him!

We cross two rooms and we are faced by a double door. The usher swings it open. The die is cast!

EVERYWHERE, every one has depicted the Room of the Map of the World in frightening words: It is immense, endless to cross; the farther one advances, the farther Mussolini's desk seems to go back; one loses one's poise at every step; etc.

This dreaded room fails to impress me. But I *am* impressed at the sight of the man stooped over his work table!

Nevertheless, with a fast beating heart but outwardly very sure of myself, I have made my entrance. I come forward with rapid strides, and the Duce continues to write. Suddenly he lifts his head. Immediately I give him the Fascist salute. As if actuated by a spring, he rises and returns it. He is in civilian dress, wears a gray suit. I am before him. . . .

Very few photographs give an exact image of his face. His eyes have an incomparable radiance which is fascinating, and I defy any one to meet him for the first time without feeling somewhat disturbed!

He looks at me, his aspect hard, fierce.

I speak at once. "Mr. President, first allow me to thank you—"

He cuts me short. "What for?"

Startled, I feel a terrible inner anguish, but I get hold of myself and continue, "But—to have been kind enough to grant me this interview. . . ."

To one side there is an easy chair, turned to face the desk. He says, still severely:

"Take that seat and place yourself to face me."

He continues to glare as if he were about to devour me. Fetching my most seductive smile, I dare to declare:

"Mr. President, I came to Rome only for you. I have been waiting for you ten days!"

He breaks into a laugh. "Then, it is true, you have well deserved this interview."

The ice is broken. I hasten to add, "I know that you did not wish to receive reporters at this time; so I assure you that I did not come as a reporter, and that nothing in our conversation shall be made public."

He replies with irony, "Ah! That's an excellent idea. But you know that not all your colleagues keep their word! There was one once who, after having promised me silence, hastened to publish an article and, to cap it all, bragged about having broken his agreement."

As he tells me this, Mussolini rolls his eyes furiously. "Well—now," he says, "it is I who am going to interview you!"

He starts by asking me what I am doing for La Liberté, what my assignments are. I inform him that I have just been hired as *attachée de cabinet* by the General Commissioner of the 1937 Paris Exposition, assigned to propaganda.

"I shall be charged especially to receive famous foreigners," I tell him.

He bends toward me and remarks, very flirtatiously, "I congratulate him—he could not have chosen better."

THE conversation continues in this joking tone, and I am no longer intimidated. I tell him of my sojourn at Sestri, of my enthusiasm for the marvelous organization of that resort. He replies:

"Yes, it is very good, but you must come to see the country I have discovered near to Rome. It is there that I go for exercise from time to time. Oh, on skis—though not elsewhere—I am a novice! I tumble often!"

"Mr. President, watch out! I shall take you at your word!"

"But you can," he answers.

"Then it's understood. Next winter I shall come—we shall tumble together."

After that we speak of Rome. Then, the conversation having lasted forty-five minutes, he rises and I understand that the interview is over. He comes around the table to join me. Naturally, I have risen. I tell him:

"Mr. President, you are what I admire most in the world!"

He smiles, flattered, and answers, "One must not have too many illusions about people, lest there be disillusions afterward!"

I continue, "Reality has surpassed my hopes!"

He says, "Ah, well! That's fine!"

I go on, "Mr. President, I am living at this instant one of the most beautiful hours in my life."

"Well! That's fine! It will be a beautiful memory for you!"

He is still walking at my side. We

stop when we reach the door, and he says:

"If you do an article on Rome, I authorize you to say you were received by me, and you shall send it to me."

"How will I get it to you directly?"

"Ah! Let's see.... You must place it in two envelopes, the first addressed to me and bearing the notation, 'From Mme. Fontanges,' the second addressed to my private secretary, Sebastiani. I shall give orders."

He adds, "When you visit Rome again—and I hope that will be soon—don't fail to come back to see me."

His glance is now very tender and his voice very gentle. Keeping his eyes on mine, he says:

"Until we meet again, Mme. Magda Fontanges."

He has taken my hand . . . I hold on to his . . . and we remain thus, silent, for a few seconds.

Greatly moved, unwilling to go without having spoken some avowal of what I feel, I declare, "Mr. President, you cannot know to what extent I am your friend."

As I hesitate, aware that I am blushing, he retorts, somewhat ironically, "Come, come—do not be abashed."

I clasp his hand strongly, for I still hold it, and I say, "The Room of the Map of the World—this room—is a famous room, historical! But I would have preferred to see you in a more intimate place."

Showing much coquetry, he throws his head back and answers, "Eh! . . . that is not impossible!"

Alas! I must leave for Paris the day after tomorrow, as I have already told him. If he wanted me to, I would remain . . . but he says again, "When you return to Rome, do not fail to come to see me."

He lifts my hand to his lips, kisses it lingeringly.

"Come back to see me!"

I reply with a glance.... He steps away a short distance, leans against the door. I remain a few seconds more. He turns and smiles at me a last time. Then I open the door and leave, still under the spell of his charm, with the intoxicating certainty that a link has been formed, and that nothing, from now on, can prevent the progress of destiny.

ALFIERI'S car is waiting for me; I ask to be taken to the French Embassy, where I am invited for cocktails.

When I make my entrance in the salons of the Farnese Palace, very few guests are left. Immediately, Mme. de Chambrun wants to question me about my interview with Mussolini. But I answer vaguely, for I am on my guard! Moreover, a few women of Roman high society scan me with rather unfriendly curiosity!

After some gossip accompanied by cocktails, I leave in Alfieri's car, which takes me to a banquet given in honor of the international motion picture exhibition.

But I think only of *him*, and I wonder with terror how I can get rid of Alfieri, who keeps on pursuing me with attentions. I don't want him for my lover at any price; on the other hand, not having discouraged him, I must now act prudently lest he become my enemy.

After the banquet an attempt is made to take me to see a movie show. I refuse, for I am stuck with Alfieri, who awaits me at the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs.

Back in my room, I change to pajamas, and I have scarcely finished when a discreet rap on my door warns me that Dino is there. He enters, satisfied with himself, dashing as always. It is the first time he has come into my room, and he sweeps it with a glance, sure that the place is conquered in advance!

THE AUTHOR, MAGDA FONTANGES

He wants to take me in his arms, to kiss me. Turning my head away, I joke and elude him playfully. On the table are the flowers he sent me this very morning.

"Among us," he says, "flowers have a language! Do you know it? I selected them to make known to you—"

I continue my joking, but Dino appears surprised.

"What's wrong?" he says. "You are not the same."

I explain that I am very tired and stretch on the bed. A bit sheepish, he sits on the edge of it and attempts to take liberties. I rebuff him good-humoredly, and he holds his head in his hands. He is worried.

"What can be the matter?" he wonders.

"Perhaps," I reply, "I am still moved by my interview of this afternoon."

"Ah, yes," he responds. "I have a communication for you. Soon after you left, Il Duce telephoned me to say: 'I have just received Mme. Fontanges. She is charming. Arrange for her to come tomorrow at the inauguration of Trajan Park. I want to see her there.'"

That sets my heart to thumping, but I show only a well bred satisfaction. As for Dino, whose brain seems a bit narrow, he still does not understand. He becomes more and more pressing; I have to participate in a real wrestling match! I should like to send him to the devil . . . but I must handle him with care. By reasoning, cajolery, and promises, I contrive to mend the situation. . . . But I have had a narrow escape. At last he is outside! Good riddance!

Alone, I shall be able to lose myself in memories . . . and tonight . . . to dream a dream. . . .

21st of April.

My visit of yesterday preys on my mind ceaselessly. I know *he* wants to see me again, for it is upon his personal demand that I am going to Trajan Park.

At two o'clock I enter the car. On my arrival at the park there already is a crowd there, with Black Shirt militiamen doing the police duty. Suddenly the mob eddies as an automobile arrives at top speed. It is *he!*

The crowds on the sides of the avenue cheer him until breathless. With his rapid strides he comes forward along the side where I stand. He lifts his hand in a few salutes. I am in the front row; nevertheless, he passes me without stopping, without looking. I am rather vexed, for I am sure that he has seen me . . . and that he did this on purpose. . . .

We run after him. The crowd increases from minute to minute. He paces the opened aisles, then heads for the opposite exit. Again he passes before me, and this time he throws me a quick glance. Then rapidly he enters his car, amid the wildest enthusiasm; for enthusiasm has swept every one, including foreigners, including the most blasé.

During the evening I see Alfieri. He tells me that Il Duce spoke about me afterward, also that next Saturday a ceremony will take place at the Pontine Marshes, the laying of a cornerstone for the new city. I decide to stay until then, despite the urgent calls of my managing editor.

I inform Alfieri of my plans. He accepts them enthusiastically, very happy to keep me a few days longer. To reward me, he has me look over a collection of Il Duce's photographs and select one; Il Duce wishes to autograph one for me. I pick out a portrait showing *him* in a white suit of civilian clothing, bareheaded. Alfieri promises to take it tomorrow morning to the Venice Palace.

22d of April.

About noon a bellboy brings me a large envelope from the Ministry of Propaganda. It contains the photograph, autographed by Mussolini. Very excited, I place it on my dressing table, and write him a letter of thanks, telling him, among other things: "*Others perhaps might have selected a portrait more 'Imperator,'*

but as for me, I preferred the MAN!"

And ending thus: "*I would have loved to call for that photograph in person.*"

Bold though it may be, I am certain, nevertheless, that this letter must please him.

25th of April.

At last, the ceremony of the Pontine Marshes.

At seven o'clock I am already at the meeting spot where a car awaits me. Very soon we are out of the city. The scenery unrolls, stark, savage, with ancient feudal towns clinging to the rocks. We reach the marshes. Here the will of a man, seconded by the energy of his people, has caused fields, vineyards, fruit orchards to spring up—has brought life where, three years ago, there was nothing but fever and death.

Before each house the inhabitants are gathered, watching anxiously for the coming of their god. On foot, on wheels, all hasten toward the spot of the inaugural. There, in a grandstand, the important persons and the newspaper reporters take their places.

A stirring in the crowd, and we are warned of *his* arrival. He skips up the steps to the tribune and, fists on hips in a familiar pose, he sweeps the cheering multitude with his gaze. Then, after a brief speech, he heads for his car, followed by the peasants and the young girls garbed in their finest dresses. Alas! He has passed like a meteor!

RUSHING to the cars, we make for Littoria, capital of the Marshes. Here I locate Alfieri. He tells me that he is arranging for a banquet and will ask Mussolini to preside.

We have marked time about an hour when cheers report the arrival of Il Duce. He passes quickly before us and enters the dining room of the hotel. Every one crowds after him. All wish to be nearest.

But Alfieri acts as police and drives the unwanted aside. Il Duce naturally is seated at the table of honor, in the rear of the room, against the wall. But I remain near the door, seeking room in a far corner, for if I cannot be near Mussolini, I prefer to remain aside. My eyes meet his, for he is looking at me. At once he calls me to him with a gesture! He greets me with a smile and seats me beside him! I tell him that I have the place most likely to kill my appetite. And I hasten to add that I hope he does not take this remark in bad part.

He bursts into laughter.

"No, no," he says. "I take that very well!"

Lowering my voice a bit, I thank him for the photograph. In a low tone he replies, "I received the letter. . . ."

And he looks at me slyly, coquettishly.

I look about me. The women are staring at me in fury. Il Duce is constantly turning to me. He questions me concerning my stay in Rome and speaks of things in general—for all ears are stretched toward us. Nevertheless, he says two or three times, his eyes holding mine:

"You shall see that you will not be able to leave Rome any more!"

Very moved, my stomach tense, I decide not to touch any of the dishes. That amuses Mussolini very much. While speaking of casual things, he looks intently at me, and I hold his glance. I try to put into my eyes all that I would like to tell him. . . .

"You know," he says, "here where we are lunching, three years ago there were several yards of water!"

As he says this, Il Duce assumes the amusing mien of a schoolboy proud of a success.

He eats heartily, macaroni and leg of veal—a meal improvised by our host, who was bewildered at this unexpected honor. When the luncheon is over, he rises suddenly, and every one in the room imitates him. He passes before me, bowing slightly, smiling. Then, outside the hotel, he halts, and Alfieri introduces the important persons, who file by and shake his hand. Surrounded by his staff, he crosses the open place, pursued by the cheering mob.

We rush after him. A young woman who seeks to walk beside him is politely driven away. Reaching his car, he turns to face the crowd. I feel isolated among these people who jostle me and push me back to the rear rows. He is going to leave and I shall have lost all hope. . . .

But he sees me! He takes a few steps, salutes his admirers casually, and comes toward me! He stretches out his hand, presses mine strongly and, holding it, taking advantage of the blare of a military march, his head thrown back, he tosses this sentence to me:

"If you stay in Rome, I shall see you again."

Dazed by my happiness, I remain in one spot as if petrified until he has vanished. Then, during my ride back, my thought is concentrated on one object: *him*, always *him!* And endlessly that sentence hammers in my ears: "If you stay in Rome, I shall see you again!"

AS soon as I reach Rome, I go to the Ministry of Propaganda to talk with Alfieri. Immediately he informs me that some French people have come to complain to the Ministry of the favor shown me. Already! Dino cannot understand it!

I speak to him of the article which I intend to telephone to Paris tomorrow.

"I trust you," he answers, "but show it to me, so that I can submit it to Il Duce."

The next morning I telephone my paper, La Liberté. As soon as I have finished dictating my article, Dino is on the phone:

"Quick! Make haste! Il Duce grants you an interview at twelve thirty!"

I feel fire flowing through my veins. There is not a moment to lose. . . . A gray tailored costume seems to me appropriate for an early call. . . . Ready at last, I leap into a taxi.

I have no written credentials, but I have been told that the policemen have been given orders and that I have only to appear at the Piazza Venezia gate. During the short trip I am the prey of a sort of fever. In a few minutes I shall again be alone with *him* . . . and he won't greet me as a reporter, I am sure of that. . . .

The taxi has stopped. The big doorman in the blue uniform comes forward, and the policemen smile. One of them asks me to follow him, and then the chief usher takes charge of me. Without any delay, he takes me to the Room of the Map of the World.

IN a gray-green uniform, hands locked behind his back, Mussolini is standing before the window, near his desk. He turns and comes toward me rapidly. He takes me by the arm in a familiar fashion.

"I had you come," he says. "That did not disturb you?"

He has walked with me to the desk.

"I have only a few moments. I am very busy today. But I am going to ask you to come again tomorrow . . . just like that . . . to chat!"

He comes nearer to me. His voice has become very soft, even effeminate. His face, so gay at Littoria, has assumed a grave expression. I judge that it is prudent to keep a wise reserve and to wait. So, pretending a formal attitude and trying to make my voice sound as natural as possible, I assure him that I am at his disposal and very flattered by the honor he shows me.

Mussolini observes me in silence for a moment, then walks about for a few paces. Again he comes to a stop, this time very close to me, keeping his eyes half closed. Suddenly he places both his hands on my shoulders. Then, as if he had acted in spite of himself, and felt a bit awkward, he whirls around and paces to and fro.

Again he comes near, and he says in a low voice:

"Go, go! We shall see each other again tomorrow . . . you have the time? I am telling you to come . . . to spend a moment . . . to chat! . . ."

I drive my gaze into his and assure him once more that I shall be only too happy to give him whatever time he pleases.

What was to happen on the morrow? Were her fervent dreams to be realized? And, meanwhile, what was brewing among Rome's gossips, agitated as they were by Mussolini's attentiveness to her in public? What was to appear to be the attitude of her country's ambassador, Count de Chambrun? Of a son of her former lover? Of Alfieri? Every one of these questions Magda Fontanges will answer—unreservedly—in Liberty next week!

Japanese tuna clippers can be transformed into torpedo boats in less than four hours.

TH COLUMN IN CALIFORNIA—

WILL THE JAPANESE BLITZKRIEG STRIKE AT THE U. S. A.?

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IF, a year ago, you had told a Parisian that within twelve months the marching legions of Hitler would be trampling French soil, and that the swastika emblem would fly over the Eiffel Tower, he would have smiled indulgently.

He would have smiled as indulgently as I did back in May, 1939. For during that allegedly merry month, a member of the United States Naval Intelligence Department told me a thoroughly amazing story about this country's lack of preparedness against a Japanese invasion.

That was at a time when we civilians assumed that this country was the best protected in the world. Today you know part of the bitter truth about our unpreparedness, because a shocked and semi-scared army and navy have blurted it out, and sent it echoing to the far corners of the nation.

Thus again Liberty and Mr. Macfadden can take a low bow. In some uncanny manner they have once

BY JERRY D. LEWIS

ag... for...lled the turn. Liberty was the first publication, through Editor Fulton Oursler, to predict the world-shocking entente between Murderer Hitler and Scavenger Stalin. That prediction was laughed off by the parlor pinks and the pseudo-intellectuals. Liberty was also the first to call attention to the "fishing boat" menace on our West Coast.

In 1936 Mr. Macfadden wrote an open editorial to President Roosevelt telling him about the condition. Nothing happened. In 1938 Liberty printed an article by Guenther Reinhardt about the same situation. Again nothing happened. By this late date, in 1940, the menace has become even more serious.

I am not an expert on foreign affairs, so I cannot ask you to accept what follows as my august opinions. If I did, they wouldn't be worth reading. But I am a reporter, and what follows here is official:

THE Pacific Division of the United States navy would be of no more worth to this country in the event of a war with Japan than a handful of buckshot would be to an army otherwise bereft of ammunition. . . .

The Japanese fishing fleet is composed of some 250 boats which fish the waters of the Pacific Ocean, using Los Angeles harbor as home base. They are owned and operated by alien Japanese. The Jap fishermen, because they are subsidized by the Imperial Government at Tokyo, can afford to undersell their American competitors.

Do the fishing canneries in California know about that? You bet they do. There has been a law brought up before the state legislature at Sacramento every one of the last five years to match a similar law of the other two Coast states, Oregon and Washington. That law would restrict all commercial fishing in the territorial waters of California to citizens of the United States who have resided in the state for at least one year.

As often as the bill has been introduced, it has been killed. Why? Don't be naïve! The canneries send about a quarter of a million dollars to Sacramento to be spread around by their lobbyists where it will do the most good.

The money is not wasted. A straw vote in Los Angeles County last year showed 96.5 per cent for passage and only 3.5 per cent against passage of the Alien Fishing Bill. Yet the bill was not passed!

Those fishing boats are all the same size, about 120 feet long. They are all powered with Diesel engines, equipped with wireless and two-way radio sets, and boast a winch that will lift about three tons.

It is also a rare coincidence that the bait box, when emptied, is the exact size of two torpedoes, and each box on board, used now for holding fish, is the exact size of a mine!

Those 250 boats aren't here to act as fishing boats—they are actually the world's fastest and best torpedo and mine-laying outfits afloat. And the transformation from tuna clipper to torpedo boat can be accomplished on the high sea in less than four hours!

Those tuna clippers could be instrumental in delaying the departure of the United States fleet from the Pacific Coast for a period of from sixty days to six months. That is not a personal pipe dream but actual fact. By following the fleet and by spying on supposedly secret maneuvers, the Japanese have in their possession every ship-to-ship signal we have. If they cannot decipher a code, they try to bribe a United States naval officer to sell his code book, or any secret he may have. At this moment there are three former officers in jail in Los Angeles who have been convicted for having sold such information.

Japanese immigration into California is going on at an appalling rate, this despite the fact that the yellow race is excluded from these shores under our present immigration laws. How do they get in? Here's the full and complete method, told in public for the first time:

A boatload of Japanese come across the Pacific to the United States. They land at Los Angeles, and a bond is posted that they will not remain in this country for more than sixty days. The bond is posted by a cannery. The Japs are then piled into buses and taken to Rosarita Beach, in Mexico. As they are crossing the border at Tijuana, their bond is returned.

Shortly after arriving at Rosarita Beach, they are signed onto one of the tuna clippers as alien seamen. Now, under the present laws, all an alien seaman need do is show his alien seaman's card to the pier inspector when a foreign boat lands. He is then allowed to go on shore, and is morally bound to ship out again within the stipulated time. But he signs nothing, and no method of checking is available to see whether or not he ever leaves the country.

Why not, Madam Perkins, why not? Didn't you ever hear of the fifth column?

SEVERAL paragraphs ago we mentioned that the Japanese tuna clippers could be instrumental in delaying the departure of our Pacific fleet. In order to understand how, you must first be told that Los Angeles and San Diego, the two places where the fleet is stationed, are in basin country. There are high hills inland, and the land on which the towns are situated slopes down toward the ocean.

Atop those hills and along the slopes, in both Los Angeles and San Diego, there are strung whole necklaces of tanks, storing 8,000,000 barrels of oil. There are also 150 producing wells. At a specified zero hour it would require neither ingenuity nor great marksmanship to ride along the public highway flanking those tanks and fire incendiary bullets into them.

That would, of course, set them afire and start the blazing oil rolling down the land into the ocean. Besides killing about 250,000 people, that amount of oil would be sufficient to lay a blanket of flame eight inches thick over the entire harbor—a blazing blanket that would burn for twenty-four hours.

The fleet would be lying at anchor without any head of steam up, and by the time it could get up enough steam to get out of the inferno, every man aboard would be roasted alive.

The Japanese have a fine contempt for what we like to call "white supremacy." A few months ago one of my neighbors walked into a fruit store in Los Angeles which was owned and operated by Japanese. She looked at the oranges on display, and didn't like them very well.

"Haven't you any better oranges than these?" she asked. "They don't look very good."

The Japanese glared and answered, "When we take over California, they'll be *too* good for you whites to eat!"

He was, of course, arrested, but I repeat the story to give you a rough idea of their contempt, and of how strong they think they are.

In view of that, you may be wondering why American fishing canneries would want to encourage all of that fishing by Japanese boats. The answer is cheap labor. There is a California state law that a uniform price must be paid to both white and yellow fishermen. According to their books, the canneries obey that law. In actual business, this is the way they sneak around it:

WHEN a fishing boat docks, the catch is weighed, and checks are issued to each member of the crew. The canneries cash the checks for the Nipponese fishermen right on the spot, giving them sixty cents on the dollar; but on the books they have canceled checks to prove that they paid the Japanese the same price they paid the Americans. Cute?

Many of the crews on those tuna clippers are admittedly officers in the Imperial Japanese navy. They make no bones about that, and even go so far when out at sea as to lower the American flag and raise the Rising Sun of Nippon.

Lest you accuse me of building up an imaginary ogre, I quote what the Nipponese government, through its official spokesman, admitted to the United Press on April 8 last year:

"The Japanese conscript law naturally produces naval reservists, who, after leaving the navy, work in the fishing industry. We take our sailors from fishing groups wherever possible. When their naval training is finished, they return to their former employment. Most likely, therefore, there are Japanese reservists in any fleet flying the Japanese flag or controlled by Japanese."

The backbone of the Japanese menace could be broken by the mere passage of the Alien Fishing Bill. Uncle Sam knows that. But he does nothing. Do you wonder that I, a loyal servant, say he is a sucker?

THE END

Flames without Heat

Karen laid the letter carefully on the tray and opened the package.

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

FROM the moment she entered the house Karen felt the curious sense of chill. She said on that first day, "I think the place is damp; there must be a leaky pipe somewhere—or maybe it's the cellar."

The real-estate agent was all smiles. "Oh, no," he told her. "No, Mrs. Hilton. The cellar's as dry as a bone and the plumbing's all brass. There couldn't be a leak."

"Even so," said Karen, "it's midsummer. There's no reason for me to be cold."

"I'm not cold," said the real-estate agent. "And I bet you'll warm up, too, when you see the studio. Your husband said the studio was made for you, Mrs. Hilton."

"Where is this studio?" asked Karen, and the agent told her that it was on the top floor. "It used to be an attic, but the former tenant—he was an artist too—had the roof raised and insulated and spent a fortune in glass."

"I see," said Karen. She asked herself inwardly and for the thousandth time, Why does Bob want to lease a country house? It'll mean that I'm alone nine tenths of the time. He'll never get home except for weekends. In the city we see something of each other, but if I'm out here painting day after day, with nothing to look forward to—" She shuddered and the agent asked, "Still cold?"

"I guess there's a goose walking on my grave," said Karen. She added, "Let's go up and see the studio."

The agent was not one to skip lightly over those details close at hand. He said, "Don't you want to peek into the parlor before we go up?" but Karen shook her head.

"I can't help feeling," she told the agent, "that there's a funeral going on in the parlor. If it's the studio I'm supposed to like, take me there."

They went up one broad flight of stairs and one narrower flight. There was an amusing little door at the top of the narrower flight. It was a heavy oaken door studded with brass nails—it looked as if it were built to withstand siege. "What a stout door!" said Karen.

"Yes," agreed the agent, "it is stout. The former owner wanted it so on account of cold air sweeping up the stairway in winter. This door is draftproof."

Karen stood back slightly while the agent unlocked the stout little door and ushered her into the great high-raftered room that had been trans-

Strange, powerful! A haunting tale of the heart and the fate of a woman who loved and was lost

formed from an attic to a studio. Once inside the room she gave a small cry of pleasure, for it *was* the studio of her dreams. From the great north window of plate glass to the huge fireplace, it was perfect—absolutely perfect. Karen, glancing about, could see her possessions already in place. The easel, the Degas original that always hung in her workshop, the two Spanish chairs with their faded red upholstery and the matching couch with its equally faded red cushions—they would fit into the room as if the room had been built to receive them. "It *is* charming!" she said. "Utterly charming!"

The agent beamed. "Your husband was sure you'd feel that way," he told Karen. "And notice the temperature, Mrs. Hilton. As you remarked a while ago, it's midsummer, and this, after all, was an attic, and yet—"

"And yet," interposed Karen, "I'm still cold. I'm sorry you reminded me. . . . Oh, let's get out of here, please! I love the studio, and yet—I'm still depressed."

"Oh, come now," scoffed the agent. "You don't seem to be a nervous type; you shouldn't allow yourself to get inhibitions about things."

"I don't often," murmured Karen. She walked slowly over to the fireplace and—almost against her own volition—spread out fingers to the flames that weren't there. "This is a real wood-burning fireplace, isn't it?" she asked suddenly.

"Why, yes," said the agent. "Of course."

"But," objected Karen, "there's a gas connection. Why is that?"

The agent said, "I wouldn't know. Perhaps the former owner liked to have a fire in the summertime—flames with no heat. Perhaps he used gas logs in the summertime."

"Perhaps," agreed Karen. She moved swiftly away from the fireplace toward the stout nail-studded door. All at once she felt a desperate nostalgia for the city with its throngs of people—with its dirt and grime and confusion. "I guess," she said, with a small apologetic laugh, "that I'm not geared to the wide open spaces. I'm sorry to have taken so much of your time, but I don't think we'll want the house. At any rate, my husband will communicate with you. I"—why was she faltering?—"I'll talk things over with him this evening."

KAREN didn't, however, talk things over that evening—for Bob Hilton failed to come home. He phoned, just before dinner, to say that he'd been delayed in the office. Although Karen waited up until midnight, he didn't come home. And so finally she fell asleep with her tear-stained cheek pushed hard into her tear-stained pillow. It wasn't until the next morning at breakfast that the matter of the house came up.

"No," she said, as she poured Bob's coffee. "No, dear; I don't think we'll take it."

"Why not?" queried Bob. He looked handsomer than usual this morning—his black hair, still damp from the shower, clung to his beautifully modeled head, and his eyes were alert and quick. "Didn't you like the house Karen? I thought it was keen, myself."

Karen crumbled a bit of toast. "How," she asked after a moment's pause, "did you happen to find it, Bob?"

Bob told her glibly, "It was last week-end when I played golf in the country with the boys. We drove past the house on our way back from the course, and I noticed the immense north window on the top floor. Naturally I made inquiries, and when I heard that the place was for rent—" He broke off. "After all," he went on presently, "you've been looking rather peaked lately, and I thought, on the whole, that it'd be a slick idea. Didn't you fall for that studio, Karen?"

"It was a beautiful studio," said Karen. She continued to crumble the toast. "But somehow—I know this seems silly, Bob—but the place got me down! It was as if I felt an aura of unhappiness. That former owner who was an artist—maybe he had some tragedy while he lived there."

"Come, now," said Bob. "If you're beginning to pull psychic stuff about auras of unhappiness and tragedy, it's time you had a change."

Karen said, "Perhaps it is; but—oh, Bob, it would be different if you were free!"

"*Free?*" queried Bob sharply.

"I mean," said Karen, "free to enjoy the country with me. Your work keeps you at the office so late—"

"You should be glad I'm busy," Bob told her. "Lots of men aren't. When I married you, Karen, you were busy, too. That first year you painted a dozen portraits."

Karen told him, "I think one needs a clear mind to paint—well." All at once her words came hurriedly, crowding in one over the other. "Bob," she said, "that first year we were together so much. You used to resent the hours I spent painting—that's why the portraits I turned out were so good. They were done in stolen time. But for the last three years—and especially the last six months—we've been drifting apart!"

"Fiddlesticks," muttered Bob.

Karen said: "No; it's true. You scarcely have a moment for—for us. And if we move to the country and

you only come out week-ends, it will be worse. I'll be entirely alone except for Saturdays and Sundays."

"Doesn't the fact that I *want* you to take the house mean anything?" asked Bob. "I'll admit that I'm working overtime, Karen. Every scrap of extra effort counts against me. If I could give up this flat and stay at the club—it's only a couple of blocks from my office—I'd be less tired, less—well, call a spade a spade—irritable. Our week-ends together would be adventures, Karen, the way they used to be; and during the week you wouldn't always be nagging me about getting home late."

"Nagging?" cried Karen. "Oh, *Bob!*"

But Bob went on as if he hadn't heard her: "That house is perfect for us, Karen; and as for the studio—even I could see its possibilities! The former owner made the place foolproof."

"If the place was so foolproof," said Karen—and her voice was just a trifle dull—"why did the former owner leave? Where is he now?"

"Do you think I'm psychic?" queried Bob, at the end of his patience. "He may be dead, for all I know."

"I'm sure he's dead," said Karen, very low. "Bob, I felt death in that house the instant I entered it. I was even cold in the studio—so cold that I longed for a fire. I—" She broke off, fascinated by the strange withdrawn expression on Bob's face. "Bob," she said quickly, "if it means so much to you, of course we'll rent the house! And if you can only be there week-ends, we'll make the most of those week-ends. We will, won't we?"

Bob's face had cleared as if by magic. He said, "There's my sweet, reasonable girl. I'll call the agent and make a deal as soon as I get to the office."

With a piece of charcoal she sketched in the arm. It made a beautiful vertical line.

DESPITE the fact that she had a *café au lait* cook who sang in the kitchen, despite the fact that the Italian who delivered her vegetables wore gold earrings and said that he would pose for her, the sense of chill stayed on with Karen. The parlor—she found herself tiptoeing past it whenever she was alone in the hall. The dining room she kept closed; she only opened it during the week-ends when Bob came out—often with a crowd of his friends who wanted to play golf and did. But the studio grew warmer for Karen after she began to paint in it. It seemed to say, "Do something important. You're an artist. You shouldn't depend on one man—it shouldn't matter so intensely whether he's here or somewhere else. Paint something *fine*."

Once—when she was very young—Karen had intended to be a great artist. A solitary girl, orphaned at an early age, she had drowned her loneliness in color and line. She hadn't gone in for romancing—she'd been too busy and too absorbed. That was why Bob—when she came to love him—had obsessed her. They had met at a party, and—charmed by her aloof air—Bob had rushed her until she was breathless. She was still breathless when he married her, and she had been breathless ever since, although their fifth anniversary was not very far away.

During the first year Bob had been a trifle breathless, too. He had bragged about Karen's art work and had shown her off to his friends. But his friends—for the most part—didn't understand Bob's wife. They labeled her intense and let it go at that. As his partner said, "Those pale slim women with dark hair and big wistful eyes! Myself, I go for blondes—preferably plump." One by one, Bob's friends drifted away, and Karen, who had few friends of her own, was thrown upon her own resources. Soon her days came to be

long periods of emptiness with only Bob at the beginning and the end. As his business grew and made more and more demands on him, Bob wasn't always at the end of the day, either. Karen should have fallen back on her career; but, oddly enough, the loneliness that, as a girl, had urged her on to creation now forbade creation. As the years slipped by she found it increasingly hard to paint. And yet—in this country studio with its broad north window and its wide fireplace—she felt an urge that she thought had been lost entirely.

Yes, in this studio she painted with vigor and surety. The Italian who delivered her vegetables was delighted with the portrait Karen eventually did of him. The colored cook liked her portrait, too. But somehow these two portraits, though excellent, didn't answer the need that Karen felt. She wanted to do something better than a mere portrait. It was as if in the studio there were a picture begging to be painted. A picture that would make all other pictures seem vague and insignificant.

AND then, with almost a sense of shock, the picture started to take form—it blossomed like a mirage out of the chill air. It was a Monday morning—Bob had returned to town the evening before—and Karen went up to the studio directly after breakfast, and stretched a new section of canvas upon a frame and set it on an easel. And then all at once she was painting—painting feverishly and frantically and without apparent purpose. It was some time before she realized that she was painting the portrait of a room—a room made cool with diffused north light, made eerie with a lack of warmth. It was only as the furniture of the room began to find concrete shape that Karen realized she was painting a portrait of the studio itself. Not as it lay before her, but as it lay in her mind. The Degas original was a splotch of color on the wall, the Spanish chairs glowed with faded grandeur, and the cushioned couch was—

Karen realized, with a start, that the couch was the center of the picture. Curious that it should be so—an empty couch. Working as if against time, she sketched in the broad lines of it, and erased and sketched again. She was still fussing with the couch when the actual studio began to grow dark. She didn't realize until she was having dinner from a tray that she had missed luncheon. The cook had brought sandwiches to the studio—and had been sent away.

"But you mustn't mind me," Karen told the cook. "When I have an inspiration I forget about food. I forget about *everything*."

All through the week that followed she did forget about everything—she even forgot to miss Bob. The couch grew until every lovely hint of its mellow color was accurately reproduced on canvas. But when the couch was finished, Karen realized that it wasn't really complete because a figure belonged on it. She scraped out some of the red paint and began again without knowing why she did it, and the figure that she painted was a woman's figure—dressed in flowing white. The woman lay with her face turned away from the rest of the room, with her head thrown back and only a dusky mass of hair to outline the contour of it. Her feet were merely suggested beneath the folds of drapery, and her arm—Karen had just begun to work on the arm when it was Friday night and Bob, with three friends, was storming at the front door.

It was another one of the golf-playing groups. Two men that Karen already knew and a third man who was a stranger. The third man was gruff and older than the other two, and he seemed to like Karen. When he asked if he might see her studio, she took him upstairs with a curious sense of gratitude. She even showed him the picture on which she was working.

"It's a queer thing," said the man, who was named Smith. "Woman asleep, eh?"

"Yes," said Karen. "Asleep—and dreaming."

Mr. Smith asked, "What are you going to do with her arm?" and Karen admitted that she didn't know. "I rather thought," she said, "of letting it lie quietly beside her with the fingers curled, like a cup."

Mr. Smith hesitated. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I don't know a darn thing about painting or composition, but it seems to me it would look swell if you hung her arm over the side of the couch, kind of limp."

Karen said, "You may not know anything about composition, but you've given me what I need." With a piece of charcoal she sketched in the arm as suggested. It made a beautiful vertical line. "Thank you very much."

"Don't thank me," said the man. He hesitated again, cleared his throat again, and—"Why do you stay up here in the country all by yourself?" he wanted to know. "Bob's a gregarious guy, and if I were his wife I'd stick close to him."

"Bob wanted me to take this house," said Karen.

THE last year or so," said Mr. Smith, "since business has been so slack, a chap has too much time on his hands if he's alone in town—"

"But Bob's business," said Karen, "isn't slack. Why, when I was in town he had to stay at the office night after night. That was one of the reasons he wanted me to come here."

"So he wanted you to come here, eh?" mused Mr. Smith. He added, "Let's go and join the others, or they'll be sending a posse after us."

That week-end, before Bob went back to the city, Karen—troubled by something Mr. Smith had just missed saying—questioned him. Not openly—not quite. "Is your business doing as well as ever, Bob?" she asked, and Bob countered, "Any complaints? Aren't your bills paid on time?"

Karen said, "No complaints." All at once her words came fast—very fast. "Bob," she said, "I've never had any complaints as far as you're concerned, and we've been married almost five years. Our anniversary will be—" She broke off short, in a queer kind of embarrassment, and Bob slapped his knee.

"Goshalmighty," he said, "it'll be next Saturday! I hadn't realized."

ON Monday morning Karen went back to her painting with a new verve. The arm, following Mr. Smith's suggestion, hung limply over the side of the couch. Karen spent all Monday working on that arm, arranging the sleeve drapery, and then she started on the hand. By Tuesday noon she had finished the hand—somehow the fingers hadn't wanted to curve up, cup fashion; they hung limply with a strange, elusive stiffness. Karen was peering at that hand—frowning a trifle—when her cook knocked at the stout little oaken door.

"Come in," called Karen abstractedly, and the cook entered.

"I made you a nice omelet for lunch, Miz Hilton," said the cook, and then she drew in her breath sharply with a strange sucking sound. "Lord save us, Miz Hilton," she muttered, "what for you paint a daid woman?"

Karen turned swiftly to stare at the shocked sepia face. "She's not dead," said Karen. "That woman on the couch is asleep—she's asleep and dreaming."

But the cook shook her head. "No, ma'am," she said; "that there hanging hand is a daid hand."

By midafternoon Karen realized that the cook was right. It *was* a dead hand. The woman on the couch was not sleeping.

"I've come to the bottom of the whole thing," Karen said aloud in her soul. "The sense of depression I've always felt in this house—the chill. The artist who lived here loved some woman very much—his wife, probably—and lost her. That's why he left. And I"—she paused here, considering—"by some crazy throwback, I'm painting the thing that was forever in his mind. He left his heartache here. As a legacy to me."

After Karen had rationalized her picture, she felt better. As a matter of fact the room itself felt warmer. But it happened that she was downstairs late that same afternoon when the postman brought the mail.

"Tell me something," she said. "Did you know the former owner of this house?"

The postman said, "Uh-huh. He was an artist, too."

"What was he like?"

"Jolly as all get-out," said the postman; "always singin' an' whistlin'. A nice young feller."

Karen said softly, "That, of course, was before his wife died."

"She didn't die," the postman told her. "Him and her had twins and

moved to Chicago, where he got himself a big job in an advertising agency. Sorry to see him go, I was. Happy folks is rare."

HAPPY folks are rare! As she surveyed her painting the next morning, Karen realized that she hadn't found the solution, after all. The former owner had been happy and his wife hadn't died. The house that had given Karen such a strange chill had always been a gay house—filled with laughter and song. She walked over to the fireplace, empty of logs and with its ugly little knob of a gas jet. Once more, as she had on her first entrance to the studio, Karen held out her hands to the fire that wasn't there. And then, with an annoyed exclamation, she turned away and went back to the canvas and mixed a new color.

"No matter where she came from, no matter whether she's sleeping or dead, I'm going to finish this woman," said Karen. And by Thursday night the picture was finished—very nearly. The draperies, beautifully painted, had fallen into the right folds; the head—with its cloud of dusky hair—rested firmly upon the pillow; the fingers of the limp hand were beautifully textured. It was with a sense of triumph that Karen looked at the picture. And yet—looking—she realized that something was still missing. Something—she didn't know what. Perhaps the picture was too red and white and drab in tone. It needed some alien color note to pull it up. She went wearily downstairs at the setting of the sun and asked her cook for a cup of tea. She didn't want any dinner.

It was while she was sipping the tea — hot and heartening — that a special-delivery letter came. It was from her guest of the week-end before—the too sympathetic Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith came abruptly to the point. He said, "I'm doing the thing no gentleman ever does—but then, I never took much stock in being a gentleman. . . . I ought to have enough sense at my age to mind my own business. But you're a swell person and I've always hated a cheat."

He went on to tell her in brief sentences why Bob had wanted her to move to the country; why Bob had wanted to live near his office; why Bob had been using business to cover a multitude of—yes, sins.

Karen didn't cry. She read the letter through, slowly, three times. The first time she was stunned; the second time she was frightened; the third time some lost sense of courage came to help her through the reading. It was this courage that made her tear the letter to shreds.

"When Bob comes here," she told herself, "over the week-end, we'll talk this thing out. This Saturday is our wedding anniversary—and we'll talk it out. Bob used to be proud of me—of the work I did. When he sees the work I'm doing now he'll be proud again. Bob isn't the only man who's ever fallen in love with his secretary.

Me-I discovered something

Me—Sunk. Second day at the shore—dying to see more of that handsome lawyer who's staying at our cottage. But I had barely reached the beach before I knew: "All this strange food and all this sun have got you, my girl!" You know that sickish, headachy feeling!

Me—Learning. "Why, that happens to a lot of folks on vacation," consoled a girl at my cottage. "You just take some Sal Hepatica!" And she told me how Sal Hepatica acts fast as a laxative—usually within an hour. And in addition it helps counteract the excess gastric acidity that you usually get right along with constipation—helps turn a sour stomach sweet again. Well, I took Sal Hepatica *pronto*, and soon . . .

Me—Amazed. Head clearing. Pep returning. I marveled. And as said lawyer and I romped off down the beach before a whole porchful of craning necks, I thought, "What a come-back! From now on I'm traveling with Sal Hepatica in my suitcase." Who knows? Maybe I'll be packing for a honeymoon soon.

SAL HEPATICA

for a faster come-back

TUNE IN! Abbott and Costello—laughs, music—Wed. at 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.

And, according to Mr. Smith, it's not love, really."

BRIGHT and early the next day Karen was working on her canvas, putting last fugitive touches here and there. Lost and lovely, the woman lay on the old Spanish couch. Lost and lovely, wrapped in the sleep that knows no dreams and from which there is no awakening. But one vital note was still lacking. Karen put a gilt tassel on the couch, and rubbed it away. She put another picture on the wall, and painted it out. It was late afternoon of another lunchless day before she realized what was needed. The hand—the white hand that trailed over the edge of the couch—was too white. A ring, perhaps—or—no, a bracelet hanging limply above the limp wrist. A bracelet of carved jade, perhaps. Green—that was the perfect color note.

Swiftly, once more as if she were working against time, Karen was painting in the bracelet. She painted it meticulously. The dragons that wound their way through the carving in the jade were not merely indicated; they were there in slinky, finely etched coils. When twilight crept into the studio Karen knew that the picture was finished—that it lacked nothing. But, oddly enough, as she walked out of the studio and down the stairs she was still shivering. She wrapped herself in a negligee of soft white wool—a full warm negligee that fell into opaque folds all about her. But as she once again ordered tea instead of dinner, her teeth were chattering.

"You goin' to be so thin you'll pass through a keyhole," the colored cook told her. "Paintin' daid women and goin' without food!"

But Karen tried to laugh. "I'll eat lots of food when my husband gets here for the week-end," she said. "We'll have rare roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and baked potatoes and—" She broke off, for the doorbell was ringing.

It was another special-delivery letter and with it a parcel. The letter was in Bob's handwriting. Karen ripped open the envelope and pulled out a single stiff sheet and read that Bob was devastated because a sudden rush of business would keep him in town for the week-end. But, just to prove that he hadn't forgotten, he was sending her an anniversary present under separate cover. He was hers devotedly, etc.

Karen laid the letter carefully on the tea tray and opened the package. It was a square vellum box, and inside of it there was another box—a velvet box such as jewelers use. Karen snapped up the lid with no sense of either curiosity or expectation—it was as if she knew what to expect. And lying on a bed of cream satin was the bracelet. There was no doubt about it—no doubt at all. The dragons that curled their slim sinuous lengths around and around the jade were as familiar to her as her own reflection in a mirror. Karen, looking at the bracelet, knew swiftly why the house had always been so cold and why she had stretched out her hands to a fire that had neither flames nor heat. She knew that it wasn't the history of the house that had brought her a sense of depression—it was history in the making. She knew that it wasn't the past of the house that had haunted her—it was the future of the house.

Slowly, very slowly, Karen slipped the bracelet over her wrist. She walked from the room up the broad flight of stairs. She reached the top and, without pausing, started up the second, narrower flight. She opened the stout little oaken door with its studding of nails—the draftproof little door—and closed it behind her and locked it. And then, in the receding light of day—in the failing light of hope—she crossed the room and stood staring at the finished portrait on the easel. Odd that she had never been aware of the resemblance before. But then, of course, she had never before painted a self-portrait!

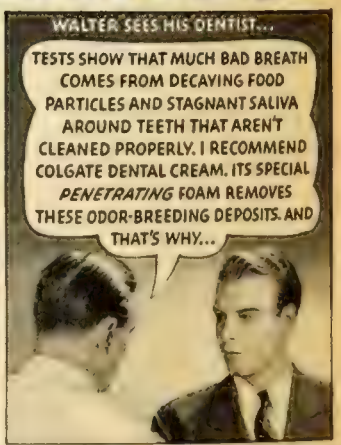
Karen was laughing very gently as she turned from the canvas and crossed to the broad empty fireplace. She was still laughing as she stooped and touched the gas jet. But she was not laughing as she walked back again and lay down among the cushions on the sofa and arranged her white draperies about her. All at once she was very, very tired.

THE END

SALLY SPILLS THE BEANS!

'SMATTER, WALTER? ARE YOU MAD 'CAUSE CELIA'S GOING TO THE PICNIC WITH THAT NEW MAN?
WELL, I HAD HOPES OF BEING YOUR BROTHER-IN-LAW BEFORE HE BEGAN CUTTING IN ON ME, SALLY. BUT NOW...

WELL, LOOK, WALTER! I HEARD CELIA TELL MOTHER SHE LIKES YOU THE BEST ONLY--WELL, IT'S ABOUT YOUR BREATH. SHE SAID HOW YOU OUGHT TO SEE YOUR DENTIST OR SOMETHING


WALTER SEES HIS DENTIST...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...
TRUST SALLY TO SPILL THE BEANS! MOTHER WON'T HAVE TO ANNOUNCE OUR ENGAGEMENT AT ALL, WALTER. EVERYBODY KNOWS IT ALREADY!

MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

The Man Behind a Miracle

A vivid look at Wendell Willkie—who did what the politicians said couldn't be done

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

IT was stifling inside the convention hall, and unendurably noisy. Delegates were shouting for their various candidates—Dewey, Taft, Gannett, McNary, Vandenberg, Bridges, James, Willkie.

The galleries, representing millions of Republicans and Democrats, were shouting for their candidate, Wendell Willkie.

And the chairman, Joe Martin, was shouting for order and trying to knock it out of his gavel.

I wandered out of the hall and around about Philadelphia for a time, then went direct to Willkie's headquarters in the Benjamin Franklin Hotel.

I had met Mr. Willkie a day or two before this, and we had had an interesting talk, discussing many topics. I had discovered, to my delight, that we were agreed on many things, especially the necessity of building up the man power—and the fighting power—of the United States.

At that time he had questioned me about my experiments for the welfare of the youth of Alabama, and about my experience in trying to make Americans the strongest, healthiest, and best race of people on earth. He had expressed himself as vitally interested in health education and in bettering health conditions.

BY BERNARR MACFADDEN

This time there was no opportunity for either of us to talk about anything except the balloting. And a voice on the radio was taking care of that.

The room was crowded with people. All kinds of people. Men Willkie had never seen before came in, said hello, shook hands, lingered a while, and drifted out into the night. Reporters, photographers, newsreel cameramen, and others stood in groups, talking, smoking, listening to the radio. Now and then some of them sat quietly and looked at Willkie as though to study him and learn the secret of his charm, his magnetism, his popularity—whatever you want to call it—the thing that draws men to him.

I found myself studying him too.

A big man. Six feet and over. He should weigh well over two hundred pounds. A rugged, strong, enduring body. A dynamic, vital individual. A man radiating power.

HE sat in a straight-backed chair and talked to his neighbors as though he'd known them intimately all his life. He threw himself on a couch and stretched out, to catch a moment's rest. He jumped up and hurried out of the room, and came back again smiling. Whatever he did, he did gracefully, without apparent effort.

There were circles under his eyes, signs of emotional stress and strain and bodily weariness, but the energy within him generated a million-candle-power gleam in his eyes, and he cried out that he felt as fresh as three bobcats.

I looked at his big hands and knew that the stories I had heard of him were true. He had fought and worked his way up to eminence with those hands.

He had puddled steel, husked corn, dressed tools in a Texas oil field, operated a cement-block machine, picked vegetables and fruits at a few cents an hour, driven a wagon, and handled a rifle with those hands.

Labor had made that massive frame. Labor in the wheat fields, in the corn belt, on the farms and ranches of the West and Middle West, in the sugar-cane fields of the South. And exercise had aided labor.

He had been an active child, a tough and mischievous little boy. He had run and jumped, and fought and wrestled, and played hard in his schooldays.

There had been in his time no such schools and playgrounds as we have today. There had been no such gymnasiums as we deem essential now for the proper development of young boys. There had been no paid coach to train him in athletics, to teach him the necessity of keeping fit, and to build character and resistance and ambition in him.

But then, this boy had come of virile stock, and he had not been born in any city slum. He was not captive of any town—as so many boys are today—with no opportunities of growing up the right way. He was his own trainer, his own coach, his own prize pupil. He was reared in a wholesome atmosphere, and he roamed the country seeking work, making his own way up.

There was a great story in Wendell Willkie's hands for any one to read. And there was as great a story to be read in his face—in the strong, unyielding, unconquerable jaw; in the wide, firm, generous, confident mouth; in the frank, intelligent, all-seeing eyes; in the high, wide forehead; and in the mop of black unruly hair.

Here was a man you could trust but could not fool; here was a mind you could interest but could not confuse. Here was a will you might influence but could not easily sway. Here was a character that could develop but could never change.

Of course what they said of him was true, must be true. Such an individual would be a student from his earliest years. Such a one would enter college at the age of fifteen and confound all his fellows with his arguments. Such a one would always stir up controversy with his restless, seeking, unsatisfied, ever-working mind. Such a one would study diligently and remember almost everything he learned.

Such a one would be a teacher, an adviser, an umpire, a champion of the underprivileged, the beleaguered, and the unjustly accused.

Such a one would have to become a lawyer and an executive and a leader.

This man's fate and fortune were written in his face. There was nothing sly in that countenance, nothing to veil his character from the reader.

BUT all these things didn't tell the story of his fantastic rise. Nor did they give any hint to the miracle of his capture of the nomination—the successful fight he made without an organization, without a war chest, without the help of party leaders.

It might be said that the voice of the people acclaimed him as the Republican candidate—a voice that grew into a demand that would not be denied, that grew with no help from him.

A few months ago he was unknown to the great majority of the people of the United States.

Yet there he was now, sitting in a chair near the radio, lighting a cigarette—and millions and millions of people not only knew him but wanted him to become the next President of the United States. There he was, listening to the cheers of the gallery in the great convention hall—"We want Willkie! We want Willkie! We want Willkie!"

He smiled, and the secret was out.

That smile transformed his face, and any one could see the reason for his tremendous popularity. There was kindliness in that smile, a great kindliness. There was humbleness in it too, and something of wonder. It was a strong man's smile, and yet it was a boy's smile too.

Willkie likes people. That's what his smile revealed. Oh, it's true that a man may smile and smile and be a villain, as the poet says; but this wasn't that kind of smile.

It warmed the people about him. It made the ordinary hotel room into a place of charm for a moment, turned the crowd of newspapermen and photographers and curiosity seekers and idlers and political hopefuls into a crowd of friends.

Somehow that smile, and its reaction on the people in the room, brought to my mind that old rhyme about Mary and the lamb. "What makes the lamb love Mary so? 'Cause Mary loves the lamb."

There it was, as simply as it could be said. Everybody liked Willkie because he liked everybody. He has a genuine liking for people, all sorts of people, any sort of people. Even the federal attorneys who fought him in his battle against the TVA admired and liked him. And, it was to be proven shortly, even the men he defeated in the convention—Taft, Dewey, Gannett, McNary, James, Vandenberg, Bridges—liked and admired him.

I did not stay long in Mr. Willkie's headquarters, just long enough to get a good picture of him.

"You're a very tired man," I said, as I bade him good night. "I hope you manage to get some sleep sometime tonight."

"I'm dog-tired," he admitted. "But it'll be hours yet before I can get any sleep. As soon as I can, I'm going to spend a hundred hours in bed—at least a hundred hours."

There were at least twice as many men in his headquarters now as I had noticed when I entered. I realized that as the night went on, and as it became surer and surer that Willkie would be the nominee, the crowd would grow in numbers and in boisterousness.

WILLKIE would have to shake hundreds and hundreds of hands before he could leave those rooms to go to his own hotel. There would be crowds waiting in the lobby and on the sidewalk in front of the hotel.

And the day after, and all the rest of his days, perhaps, there would be crowds, hands to shake, autograph books to sign, favors to grant, things to do for thousands and thousands of people.

He would never get a chance for that hundred-hour sleep. If he ever managed to get eight hours a night, on an average, it would not be soon.

Well, he's a big man, a strong man. Perhaps he can endure it.

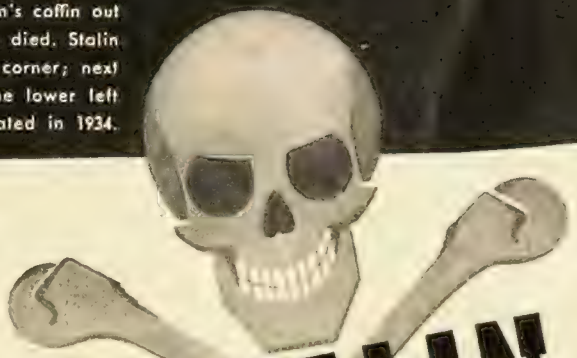
Nothing so taxes the strength and endurance of a man as a campaign for the high office of President of the United States—nothing, except the responsibility that sits on a man's shoulders once he has won that campaign. But if any man is equipped for such a campaign, and for the reward it brings, that man is Willkie.

Wendell Willkie—huge body, huge intellect, great heart, great will, tremendous personality.

THE END

Stalin and other Central Committee members carrying Lenin's coffin out of the house where he died. Stalin is in the lower right corner; next to him, Molotov; in the lower left corner, Kirov, assassinated in 1934.

Liberty presents a startling and sensational sidelight on history



DID STALIN POISON LENIN?

BY LEON TROTSKY

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

DURING the ten years of my present exile the Kremlin's literary agents have systematically relieved themselves of the need to answer pertinently anything I write about the U. S. S. R. by alluding to my "hatred" of Stalin. Yet Stalin and I have been separated by events so fiery that they have consumed in flames and reduced to ashes everything personal. Stalin is my enemy. But Hitler, too, is my enemy, and so is Mussolini, and so are many others. Today there remains in me as little personal feeling toward Stalin as toward General Franco or the Mikado.

I present in this article startling facts from the story of how a provincial revolutionist became the dictator of a great country. Every fact I mention, every reference and quotation, can be substantiated either by official Soviet publications or by documents preserved in my archives.

The last period of Lenin's life was filled with intense conflict between him and Stalin, which culminated in a complete break between them. As always, there was nothing in any way personal about Lenin's hostility toward Stalin. But as time went on, Stalin took increasing advantage of the opportunities his post presented for revenging himself upon his opponents. Little by little, Lenin became convinced that certain of Stalin's traits were directly inimical to the party. From that matured his decision to reduce Stalin to a rank-and-file member of the Central Committee.

Lenin's health took a sudden turn for the worse toward the end of 1921. The first stroke came in May, 1922. For two months he was unable either to move, to speak, or to write. In July he began to convalesce slowly. In October he returned from the country to the Kremlin and took up his work again. In December he opened fire against Stalin's persecutions. He came out against Stalin on the question of foreign trade monopoly and was preparing for the forthcoming party congress an address which would be "a bombshell against Stalin."

"Let us speak frankly," wrote Lenin on March 2. "The Commissariat of Inspection does not today enjoy the slightest authority. . . . There is no worse institution among us than our People's Commissariat of Inspection." At the head of the

Inspection was Stalin. He well understood the implications of such language.

In the middle of December, 1922, Lenin's health obliged him to absent himself from conference. Stalin at once hid from Lenin much information. Measures of blockade were instituted against persons closest to Lenin. Lenin was aflame with alarm and indignation. His chief source of worry was Stalin, whose behavior became bolder as the reports of physicians about Lenin's health became less favorable. In those days Stalin was morose, snarling, his pipe firmly clenched between his teeth, a sinister gleam in his jaundiced eyes. His fate was at stake.

Several lines dictated by Lenin on March 5, 1923, to a trusted stenographer announced dryly the severance of "all personal and comradely relations with Stalin." That note is the last surviving Lenin document. The very next night he again lost his power of speech.

The so-called Lenin "testament" was written in two installments during his second illness: on December 25, 1922, and on January 4, 1923. "Stalin, having become secretary General," declares the testament, "has concentrated an enormous power in his hands, and I am not sure that he always knows how to use that power with sufficient caution." Ten days later Lenin added: "I propose to the comrades to find a way to remove Stalin from that position and appoint to it another man" who would be "more loyal, less capricious," etc.

When Stalin first read the text he broke out into billingsgate against Lenin. The testament not only failed to terminate the internal struggle, which was what Lenin wanted, but enhanced it to a feverish pitch. Stalin could no longer doubt that Lenin's return to activity would mean his own political death. Only Lenin's death could clear the way for him.

I FOLLOWED the course of Lenin's second illness day by day through the physician we had in common, Dr. Gaitier.

"Is it possible, Fedor Alexandrovich, that this is the end?" my wife and I would ask him time and again.

"That cannot be said at all. Vladimir Ilyich can get on his feet again. He has a powerful organism."

"And his mental faculties?"

"Basically, they will remain untouched. Not every note, perhaps, will keep its former purity, but the virtuoso will remain a virtuoso."

Yet at a meeting of the Politburo members, Zinoviev, Kamenev, and myself, Stalin informed us, after the departure of the secretary, that Lenin had suddenly called him in and had asked him for poison. Lenin was again losing the faculty of speech, considered his situation hopeless, foresaw the approach of a new stroke, did not trust his physicians. His mind was perfectly clear and he suffered unendurably.

I recall how extraordinary, enigmatic, and out of tune with the circumstances Stalin's face seemed to me then. A sickly smile was fixed on it, as on a mask. I see before me the pale and silent Kamenev, who sincerely loved Lenin, and Zinoviev, bewildered, as at all difficult moments. Had they known about Lenin's request? Or had Stalin sprung this as a surprise on his allies in the triumvirate as well as on me?

"Naturally, we cannot even consider carrying out this request!" I exclaimed. "Gaitier has not lost hope. Lenin can still recover."

"I told him all that," Stalin replied, not without a touch of annoyance. "But he wouldn't listen to reason. The old man is suffering. He says he wants to have the poison at hand. He'll use it when he is convinced that his condition is hopeless."

"Anyway, it's out of the question," I insisted. "He might succumb to a passing mood and take the irrevocable step."

"The old man is suffering," Stalin repeated, staring vaguely past us. No vote was taken, since this was not a formal conference, but we parted with the implicit understanding that we could not even consider sending poison to Lenin.

Only a few days before, Lenin had written his pitiless postscript to the testament. Several days later he broke off all personal relations with Stalin. Why should he turn to Stalin, of all people, with his tragic request? The answer is simple: He saw in Stalin the only man who would grant it, since Stalin was directly interested in doing so. At the same time, it is possible that he wanted to test Stalin: just how eagerly would Stalin take advantage of this opportunity? In those days Lenin thought not only of death but of the fate of the party.

But did Lenin actually ask Stalin for poison? Was the whole version not invented by Stalin to prepare his alibi? He could have had no reason to fear a verification, for no one could question the sick Lenin.

More than ten years before the notorious Moscow trials Stalin had confessed to Kamenev and Dzerzhinski, his allies of that time, that his highest delight in life was to keep a keen eye on an enemy, prepare everything painstakingly, mercilessly revenge himself, and then go to sleep.

DURING the last big trial, staged in March, 1938, a special place in the prisoners' dock was occupied by Henry Yagoda. Some secret bound Stalin to Yagoda, who had worked in the Cheka and the GPU for sixteen years, at first as an assistant chief, later as the head, and all the time as Stalin's most trusted aide against the opposition. The system of confessions to crimes that had never been committed is Yagoda's handiwork, if not his brain child. In 1933 Stalin rewarded Yagoda with the Order of Lenin, in 1935 elevated him to the rank of Commissar General of State Defense — that is, Marshal of the Political Police. In Yagoda's person was elevated a nonentity, held in contempt by all. The old revolutionists exchanged looks of indignation.

At the time of the great "purge" Stalin decided to liquidate his fellow culprit who knew too much. In April, 1937, Yagoda was arrested, and eventually executed.

It was revealed at that trial that Yagoda, a former pharmacist, had a special poison cabinet from which he would bring out vials and entrust them to his agents. He had at his disposal several toxicologists, for whom he organized a special laboratory, providing it with means without limit and without control. It is, of course, unthinkable that Yagoda might have established such an enter-

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prise for his own personal needs.

Suspicions that Stalin had somewhat aided the destructive force of nature in the case of Maxim Gorky sprang up directly after the great writer's death. A concomitant task of Yagoda's trial was to clear Stalin of that suspicion. Hence the repeated declarations by Yagoda, the physicians, and the other accused, that Gorky was "a close friend of Stalin," "a trusted person," an enthusiastic "Stalinist." If only half of this were true, Yagoda would not have taken it upon himself to kill Gorky, and still less would he have entrusted such a plot to a Kremlin physician, who could have destroyed him by simply telephoning Stalin.

During the days of the trial, the accusations, like the confessions, seemed phantasmagoric to me. Subsequent information and analysis forced me to alter that judgment. Not everything in the trials was a lie. Not all the poisoners were sitting in the prisoners' dock. The chief among them was conducting the trial by telephone. It is only Yagoda who has disappeared; his poison cabinet remains.

At the 1938 trial Stalin charged Bukharin with having prepared in 1918 an attempt on Lenin's life. The naïve and ardent Bukharin venerated Lenin, worshiped him, could not have had personal ambitious designs. All the accusations of the Moscow trials are cut to this pattern. Stalin sees the best means to dispel suspicions against himself in ascribing the crime to his adversary and forcing him to "confess."

Lenin asked for poison—if he really did—at the end of February, 1923. In the beginning of March he was again paralyzed. But his powerful organism, supported by his inflexible will, reasserted itself. Toward winter he began to improve slowly, to move about more freely; he listened to reading and read himself; his faculty of speech began to come back to him. The findings of the physicians became increasingly more hopeful.

Stalin was after power, all of it, come what might. He already had a firm grip on it. His goal was near, but the danger emanating from Lenin was even nearer. At his side was the pharmacist Yagoda.

The news of Lenin's death found me and my wife en route to the Caucasus, where I hoped to get rid of an infection, the nature of which still remains a mystery to my physicians. I immediately telegraphed to the Kremlin: "I deem it necessary to return to Moscow. When is the funeral?" The reply came in about an hour: "The funeral will take place on Saturday. You will not be able to return on time. The Politburo thinks that because of the state of your health you must proceed to Sukhum. Stalin." Why this hurry? Why precisely Saturday? But I did not feel that I should request postponement of the funeral for my sake alone. Only in Sukhum did I learn that it had been changed to Sunday. It was safer in all respects to keep me away until the body had been embalmed and the viscera cremated.

When I asked the physicians in Moscow about the immediate cause of Lenin's death, which they had not expected, they were at a loss to account for it. The autopsy was carried out with all the necessary rites: Stalin took care of this himself. But the surgeons did not search for poison. They understood that politics stand above medicine.

I did not renew personal relations with Zinoviev and Kamenev until two years later, after they had broken with Stalin. They avoided all discussion of Lenin's death. Only Bukharin made now and then, *tête-à-tête*, unexpected and strange allusions. "Oh, you don't know Koba [Stalin]," he said with his frightened smile. "Koba is capable of anything."

When the roof has collapsed and doors and windows have fallen off, a house is hard to live in. Today gusty drafts are blowing across our entire planet. All traditional principles of morality are increasingly worse off, and not only those emanating from Stalin. But a historical explanation is not a justification. Nero, too, was a product of his epoch. But after he perished his statues were smashed and his name was scraped off everything. The vengeance of history is more terrible than the vengeance of the most powerful Secretary General.

THE END

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A world well lost

By ALICE DOUGLAS KELL

HE saw her the instant she came into the club. And he knew that she saw him, but her mother was with her, so he danced with lame-brained little Dodo Martin, who was nearest him.

"Isn't this the fanciest idea?" she burbled.

"Yeah, sure. What is?" he answered vaguely.

"Why, Richard Carr, aren't you just too *remote*, not listening to anything I say!" Dodo shook her topmost curl playfully into his mouth.

"Sorry," Dick blew out the curl and looked wearily at the little yellow head which bobbed like a bird's on a level with his chest. "Just giving my brains a vacation. What did I miss?"

Mollified, Dodo flopped against him in a way he particularly disliked. "She acts," he had growled once to Gloria, "as if all she needed was a sheet to go to sleep for the night!"

"I *said*," Dodo tinkled on, undiscouraged, "that having a supper dance instead of the regular Saturday-evening affair is simply too brilliant."

It was a break for him, Dick thought. That is, it would be if Gloria had made up her mind. The crowd had grown tired of the short nine-to-twelve dances and had given themselves an extra two hours by starting at seven, having supper at nine, and then going on again. The nine-o'clock supper period was what he was counting on, if only Gloria . . .

At this moment some thrice-blessed stag removed Dodo, still babbling, from his arms, and he went out into the foyer. A little reconnoitering seemed indicated, so he looked into the card room, went halfway down the stairs to inspect the bar, and came back to the dance floor feeling, for the first time that day, a trifle relaxed. Gloria's mother, Mrs. Rupert Stevens, was up to her ears in contract, and Rupert himself was imbibing Scotch and broadcasting a program of old favorites on the faults of the administration. Neither of them would come up for air, Dick knew, until dishes began to rattle.

He looked across the floor to where Gloria was expertly following Chuck Williams' rather too gymnastic steps, and his heart lurched drunkenly in his breast. Gloria was completely Grade A. She was beautiful. She had burnished gold hair, smooth skin a shade darker than the hair suggested, and eyes the color of the lapis in her school ring. She also had a tall, almost perfect body which she dressed well and then took for granted. But it was not her looks which made Gloria special.

Most girls had looks of one kind or another. Even Dopey Dodo was worth a second glance. But if Gloria had been merely healthy and wholesome, or had even worn glasses, she still would not have been neglected. Because she was fun, and she was straight, and she had sense.

She and Chuck came abreast of Dick just then. Dick slammed a big brown paw on Chuck's shoulder. "Go chin yourself on some other girl's collarbone," he ordered him amiably. And then he was dancing with Gloria and he said nothing more for awhile.

He could see them both in the big mirrors. It was Gloria's contention that she had picked him because he was becoming to her. So he was glad that he was such a big ox, and that he had had a Spanish grandmother to give him dark hair and a brown skin for Gloria to look nice against.

They danced out the French windows and wandered to the other end of the terrace. There wouldn't be more than one or two more Saturday nighters. There was already a blue haze across the hills and a scent of grapes and of brush fires in the air. Gloria's fragile dress caught sharply around her in the breeze.

"Cold?" Dick asked her.

She shook her head. There was a small bench hidden from the club windows by a low brick wall. Gloria sat on the bench, and Dick perched on the wall behind her. His hand dropped to her shoulder as she leaned back. They were facing west and they could see, through the dark firs, clots of gold and crimson and stormy purple which were the September sunset. The evening star tore itself a hole in the sky and glittered from the horizon.

"Well?" Dick said at length.

"Your remarks are always worth waiting for," Gloria observed.

Dick grinned. "The successful girl is the one who knows how to draw the shy man out," he retorted.

"Out of a fog, or out of context?" Gloria inquired, looking up at him.

"My knight!" Gloria said. Dick's hand pressed her shoulder and her slim fingers came up to meet his.

"Selfish, stubborn, frivolous"
Is that youth today? Here's a
love story to make you ponder

"Your parents think I'm out of context now," Dick reminded her grimly.

"Which brings us back to our lovely afternoon, and to your pithy first word," Gloria said resignedly. "Well?"

"We have a choice," Dick said.

"Yes?"

"We can let them separate us or we can get married."

"You take the words right out of my mouth!" Gloria exclaimed. "Do you think there could *be* something in this telepathy idea?"

"I'd go so far as to say we were in sympathy," he admitted cautiously.

"My knight!" Gloria said.

His hand pressed her shoulder and her slim fingers came up to meet his. "Funny, isn't it," she said softly, "what parents are willing to do to kids?"

"Very funny," Dick admitted briefly, "if that's the kind of humor you like."

"Did you say anything to Morely or to Eve or your father?"

Morely Patrick was the second husband of Dick's mother, who was dead. And Eve was the second wife of his father, who might just as well have been. So they did not add up to a family. But Morely had helped Dick through school and had given him a room in his apartment, and Dick was duly grateful.

EVE'S in the Argentine with her latest," Dick answered. "I don't know where dad is. But I told Morely." He laughed shortly. "He makes me mad," he explained, "but he strikes me funny, too, in a sour kind of way. You know he's been married three times and he's fat and has a road map of little red veins all over his cheeks, but he still thinks he knows all the answers. Gives me advice about technique with women, and leers if I mention that I've been to a prom, as if we had peep shows in the checkroom and strip-tease acts behind all the bushes. He's pathetic!"

"It's queer," Gloria said thoughtfully, "how older people think nothing can be done if they themselves have flopped doing it. Here's old Morely, who's messed up every chance he's ever had with decent women; so, according to him, there *are* no decent women. It's like some goon who can't pick up his feet saying that dancing's nothing but another way to fall."

"That's right," Dick agreed. "Morely doesn't count anyway," he went on. "He's been decent to me in his way, so I thought I ought to tell him. But it's your people."

"I know."

They were silent again. They were conscious of each other. With one part of his mind Dick noticed the rise and fall of Gloria's small breasts and he felt her warmth, as she knew by heart his hard awkward grip and the even line of his teeth which showed white when he talked or smiled. They were conscious of each other as they were conscious of their own heartbeats, of their breathing, but they were not thinking of each other. They were both remembering the afternoon.

They had all sat on the porch of the small house which the Stevenses had saved, with a reasonably good income, from the wreckage of the early '30s. Alma, a still slim, pretty, slightly harder edition of Gloria, was as friendly and as amusing as ever. Rupert looked like a ham actor with his iron-gray hair and his bow tie, and he was dull and picky, but no more so than usual. It had been, in short, like any other afternoon. Until Dick told them.

I COULD go to the mines and get things going," he had finished, "and then come back for Gloria. Or we could get married in a week or so, before I start."

He had stopped, arrested by the look of blank horror on Alma's face.

"I think you must be crazy!" she snapped. Then she smiled. "Sorry, Dick," she apologized. "I didn't mean to seem rude, but I was startled. It's a shame this had to happen."

"A shame!" Gloria echoed her.

Her mother looked at her pityingly. "Darling," she said, "this is 1940."

"So what?"

Alma sighed. "Look," she said. "I think you're a cute pair, and I wish we lived in the kind of Arcadia where two babes in the woods could set up housekeeping and make a go of it. But we don't and they can't. People can't marry young any more; with the world upside down, they just have to wait. In three or four years, maybe."

Rupert interrupted her. "In three years," he said dryly, "Gloria will be barely twenty-one and Dick will be twenty-four. You were twenty-three when we married and I was thirty, and at that, the first years weren't easy—even in a day when there was employment, when business was booming, and when a young man could count on his prospects."

"Except for the trifling possibility that he might get killed in the war," Dick suggested.

"There was that," Rupert conceded. "And *you* still have the threat of war added to all the other handicaps that youth has to face today."

"But Dick has a job," Gloria interposed.

"In a coal-mining camp in some Godforsaken part of Pennsylvania, at a salary of twenty-two dollars a week. Isn't that what you told me?" Rupert asked.

"It's still a job," Dick insisted doggedly.

"An excellent start for a single man," Rupert courteously agreed. "Not for a man with a wife."

They had gone on and on and had arrived nowhere. Finally Alma had burst into tears. "You were too little to remember the crash," she told Gloria. "The worries and the bills and the sordidness. I'd rather *die* than see you go through what I had to."

"Your mother's right," Rupert had intoned. "You young people don't *know* what life can do to you. You've both had comfortable homes, advantages. You didn't have those things because your parents ran off with the first boy or girl they happened to fancy." He choked himself off momentarily, remembering the frequency with which Dick's father and mother had changed partners. But Dick didn't care. Nothing made sense, anyway.

"Everybody takes a chance when they marry," he said. "What about the kids who tried it in 1927 and '28?"

"Everybody takes a chance," Rupert agreed. "That's why any man who cares for a girl should not ask her to take more than she has to."

Dick turned to Gloria. "If they think that proposing to a girl means you *don't* want to protect her," he said, "I guess they've got me stopped."

Gloria went to him. "Don't give way to your natural feeble-mindedness, darling!" she begged. "Think of the little ones!"

"It may seem funny to you!" Rupert blared.

Funny! Dick wondered what the older man had used for brains while he was making the fortune which had so promptly disappeared. "Perhaps you'll take this seriously, then," Rupert was continuing.

And he had issued his ultimatum. If Gloria married without her parents' approval, Rupert would discontinue her allowance, would give her no equipment whatsoever, nor any monetary help at any time, and he would leave her share of the little he had to leave tied up in trust until she was thirty years old.

"I don't like to be harsh," he said. "I don't think I've been an unkind father."

"You've been a swell father," Gloria told him warmly. "Why wipe it all out now?"

"If my taking care of you wipes out your affection for me," Rupert said, "I'll have to stand it. If you won't face reality, it's my duty to face it for you."

And there the matter had rested, finished and done with as far as the older Stevenses were concerned.

THEY were sort of pitiful after you left," Gloria said. "Dad reminded me that mother's heart isn't very good, and he offered me a trip to a dude ranch this summer. And mother gave me her best clips and told me a long rambling story about how she thought she was in love with her father's chauffeur when she was sixteen."

Dick threw back his head and roared and Gloria reluctantly laughed with him. "Hush!" she gasped. "Stop it! You'll have everybody out here. Besides, time's a-wastin'."

"Gosh, that's so!" Dick sobered abruptly. "Here's the thing, Glory." He jumped down from the wall and stood before her. "I got the license today." He heard her catch her breath and smiled at her. "Just on the

chance," he continued. "Supper's at nine and, thank heaven, it's in the basement dining room. So we could run across to Georgetown and get married and be a hundred miles away before they missed us." Gloria nodded, and he went on, "But I don't want you to do it without knowing what you're up against."

"No one can know that," Gloria protested.

"No," Dick agreed. "But you might as well know all you can. We can go right up to the mine. I telephoned the New York office, and they said the sooner the better and there's room in the married quarters. I have my expense money and that will take us both in the car. But, over and above that, I have just twenty-five dollars and I don't get any salary for two weeks."

"Dick!" Gloria swept her wide skirt toward her to make room for him on the bench. "Sit here," she said, "and tell me where you got twenty-five dollars? I can't marry a crook, ducky! I'd get so lonely while you were doing time."

"Dope!" Dick said. "I got the twenty-five by selling my camera, if you must know. Don't look like that. Of course it was a good camera and you aren't such a prize as a girl, but I figured you'd wear longer."

"Shut up!" Gloria said. Her lashes were all tangled up with sudden tears. "I know what you thought of that camera and how long you saved for it. Well, what are we waiting for?"

DICK'S eyes glowed, but he only said, "What do you really feel about it?"

"I wanted an engagement," Gloria said slowly. "And I wanted a wedding. Me in white, looking perfectly lovely, and the bridesmaids in sweet-pea colors." She laughed a trifle shakily. "You don't know what it means to a girl," she said, "to drip with white satin and make a man feel unworthy just one day in her life. But I can skip that. I *am* afraid, though."

"I don't blame you," Dick said briefly.

"I'm fond of ma and pa, even if they are goofy," Gloria went on. "And I'm afraid mother might get ill, and of the guilty feeling I'd have then. And I'm afraid of poverty, of your losing your job maybe, or a baby coming right away." She stopped and turned to Dick, smiling. "But that's definitely all," she assured him. "So it's your turn. What are you afraid of?"

"Oh, of people saying I took you away from a good home," Dick answered promptly, "and that I hoped your father would help us. And of my not making good, or getting sick . . . the same things you are."

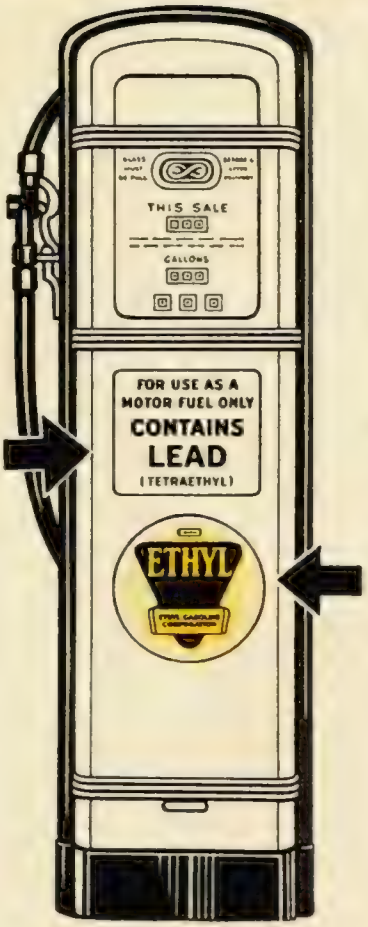
"Not of our getting tired of each other?"

"That could happen, I guess," Dick admitted. "I can't imagine it. But if it's possible, it would be just as possible ten years from now as now."

"Well, I think so," Gloria said.

REMEMBER

THESE SIGNS OF IMPROVED GASOLINE



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"And I'll tell you, all those things that we've been talking about, other people have faced. My great-grandmother was married at fifteen and she went West in a covered wagon."

"A greataunt of mine lost her husband in the Civil War," Dick capped her story thoughtfully, "and raised six children by running a boarding-house."

"There's always something," Gloria went on. "And there's another thing." She flushed a little but continued quickly. "I want to belong to you."

Dick's fingers tightened agonizingly over her hand.

"I want it more than I've ever wanted anything in my whole life," Gloria said. "And I'm afraid if you went away I'd transfer that . . . that longing to some one else, all the way . . . one night when I was lonesome or heard music or something. And I'm afraid you'd maybe do the same thing, or that you might get sick or discouraged and I wouldn't be there to comfort you. And I'm much more afraid of all that than I am of the other things I told you."

Dick looked at her gravely and he put his arm around her and kissed her very gently. After awhile he said, "If you marry me I'll be good to you, or I hope I die in agony. But it is taking you away from security to uncertainty."

"Isn't that the way every generation starts out, building up new securities for the next?" Gloria asked.

"Even so," Dick insisted, "you're giving up more than I. I" . . . his voice was husky and he cleared his throat angrily . . . "I wanted to see you in white, walking up to the altar with your fool bridesmaids, dammit!" he said.

Gloria put her head on his shoulder and he rubbed his cheek against the softness and fragrance of her hair. "You know," she said levelly, "we could make it so we *had* to get married and then they'd give in."

Dick lifted his head. "I don't know why that should make me want to whale you, but it does," he said flatly.

GLORIA laughed and nuzzled her head against him. "Put your face down again, superman!" she ordered him. Presently she said, "Let's promise ourselves that when we get married tonight we'll be . . . be a little nut in the machinery of making things more sensible for our children."

"If we plan to be two little nuts, we haven't far to go," Dick said cheerfully. "Then," his big arm held her crushed against him, "it's a date, Miss Stevens?"

Gloria put her mouth for a second against his cheek.

"It's a date, Mr. Carr," she told him. . . .

Dick's old roadster broke down right in the middle of the loneliest road in the state. Gloria, a little mussed because she had dressed and packed her suitcase in ten minutes, raised her eyebrows. "So we get married here," she remarked.

"So we get married here," Dick concurred. "And me, I'll take sin and civilization."

"You haven't a chance of getting out of this marriage," Gloria assured him. "Not a chance. So resign yourself and look around you. There must be religion somewhere here."

They found the next crossroads which called itself a village. They found a garageman who agreed, for a price, to ransom the roadster. And, they never knew quite how, they discovered a rectory with a made-to-order silver-haired minister, whose wife served them a physic she called "berry wine" and angel cake. And when they had made the requisite promises, the clergyman said:

"I hope you'll be happy and good."

THAT'S all the world needs right now," Dick said to Gloria, outside the house, "enough people who are happy and good."

Gloria looked at the wedding ring he had just put on her finger and she said, "I'm happy. And I'll be good as long as I'm with you. But where do we sleep?"

The garageman had mortgaged most of their money. So between a mile walk to a roadside camp and half a block to a commercial hotel, they chose the hotel.

The walls of the room were painted a dismal green. There was in one corner a basin with naked pipes and tarnished spigots. The single light depended from a frazzled wire and was masked with a flyspecked shade. The bed was lumpy and it sagged in the middle.

Dick put down the suitcases and locked the door. Then he looked at Gloria. She had taken off her hat and coat and was hunting for a place to put them. Her hair was untidy, there was no powder on her nose, and her tall young body drooped a little, awkwardly. Dick had always thought of her as about his age, but all at once he saw that her parents were right. She was very young. Only two years ago she had been roller skating and making taffy and worrying about the College Boards. And now he was proposing to enter into that part of her life which she had jealously guarded for him, or for some one. And in return for a gift so immeasurable that she would not for years know what she was offering, he was going to give her ugliness and risk and perhaps, in a few months, agony and danger.

His hard dark face lost color. He said tensely, "It can still be annulled, you know. And I'll never blame you if you decide that way."

Her blue eyes darkened and widened. She walked to the window and looked out. Then she turned and faced the room, but she did not seem to see it. Seconds went by.

Dick felt as if he were dying. If she went out of his life, he knew that for him there would never again be beauty or fulfillment; knew that he would never again have faith. And yet he could not, to save his soul, have laid a hand on her to stop her. A withdrawal, a purity as bright and as edged as Prosper's sword protected her. If she came to him it must be because she felt as he did of her, that without him she would be incomplete.

After a long while she said, "This room is like a lot of rooms we may have to live in, isn't it?"

A flicker of a smile touched Dick's white lips. "We might keep them a little cleaner," he suggested, "but, more or less, our first years might be like this, I guess."

Gloria nodded. And then she looked straight into Dick's eyes and she smiled, and the blood roared in his head until he thought that he would suffocate. "I waited," she said, "because I didn't want to just feel. I wanted to think, too." Dick looked at her mutely, and she went on. "I thought about home and all I could have if I went back. And all I'm missing marrying this way. And I can see why dad and mother were worried, but I can't go back." She stared at Dick and reached for him blindly. "I can't go back," she wailed. "And I'm scared."

Dick took her in his arms then, tightly, and she clung to him. "I can't ever go back now," she repeated. "Because, just this evening . . . when you locked the door of the room and then offered to let me go I . . . I grew up."

ALMA took it very well, her friends said. Quite a crowd dropped in at the Stevenses' the night the news got around, and Alma met them gallantly. "Oh, of course we forgave them," she answered all the questions. "What else was there to do? The thing was over and done with. Yes, we drove over to the town where they were married and saw them off to Pennsylvania. And Rupert gave Gloria a check. But do you think that touched her? Not a bit of it. She laughed and laughed and she said, 'I could have had a swell wedding for this. Think what you saved, Dick.' And Dick said, 'That's fine. I don't like my wives to get large ideas.'"

One of Rupert's friends shook his head. "These kids!" he said. "They'd joke at their parents' funerals!"

"They horrify me!" Alma agreed. "Gloria and Dick acted like two clowns this morning. Not an inkling of responsibility or of forethought. Still, it may work out all right. Gloria's a sweet child and there's nothing *against* Dick."

"Oh, no," Rupert contributed. "He's a good enough boy as boys go. But young people today are all alike . . . selfish and stubborn and frivolous. They take what they want and never weigh the consequences. I must confess" . . . he sighed and poured a stiff drink . . . "I must confess that when I think of the young people around us, it frightens me to think that the world is in their hands."

THE END

40 ANSWERS

By George Jean Nathan

to his questions on page 7

1—Yes; in A Stubborn Cinderella.

2—All were celebrated Ziegfeld Follies beauties.

3—To hire just the bare theater, the overhead of its conduct and management to be assumed by the renter.

4—Brothers.

5—All were in musical comedy or revues before they succeeded on the dramatic stage.

6—Tobacco Road, Abie's Irish Rose, and Lightnin', in the order named.

7—Brewster's Millions.

8—All are murderesses.

9—Ethel, Lionel, and John, of course. But don't overlook the young Ethel Barrymore Colt and Diana Barrymore.

10—All are English actors who have been knighted.

11—Katharine Hepburn.

12—Caesar and Cleopatra, Victoria Regina, Coquette. Others are: What Every Woman Knows, Mr. Gilhooley, The Good Fairy.

13—They aroused the displeasure of the New York moralists and the police.

14—Owen Davis, who has written more than 250 plays.

15—All were matinee idols of the American stage.

16—The performer billed as Charmion, forty years ago. She did the strip-tease act on a trapeze.

17—Three: Zona Gale, Susan Glaspell, and Zoë Akins.

18—The Ritz Brothers, the Howard Brothers, the Rogers Brothers. Also the Byrne Brothers.

19—The Barretts of Wimpole Street.

20—Lillian Russell.

21—Blackbirds and Shuffle Along.

22—All are laid on ships.

23—Sherlock Holmes—in the gas-chamber scene.

24—Measure for Measure.

25—Joseph Medill Patterson. The plays, in the order named, were: The Fourth Estate, Rebellion, and A Little Brother of the Rich.

26—All deal with moving-picture people.

27—Jobyna Howland.

28—Nazimova, Tamara, Margo. Also Lotta, Bonita, Corinne, Polaire, June.

29—Herod and Marianne; closed two seasons ago on the road and was not brought to New York.

30—A character named Katharine. (In The Taming of the Shrew it is sometimes spelled with a final *a*.)

31—Ben Hur, The Virginian, David Harum, Pollyanna.

32—Whiteoaks, The Lady of the Camellias, Déclassée. Also Romeo and Juliet, Mid-Channel.

33—Hedda Gabler.

34—St. Clare; not St. Clair.

35—On Borrowed Time, Death Takes a Holiday. Also Maeterlinck's The Intruder.

36—Sinclair Lewis, Alexander Woollcott, George S. Kaufman. Also Thornton Wilder and Clifford Odets.

37—Florodora; not, as commonly printed, Floradora.

38—Within the Law.

39—The Jane Cowl production.

40—All married actresses.

1 "Help! Help!" screamed Toto, rushing up to the animal trainer who was enjoying a TEN HIGH highball after his act. "Give me a drink—quick! That big lion of yours just tried to bite me."

2 "He was only yawning! And anyway, he has no teeth," laughed the trainer. "Oh, I know that!" said Toto. "But I also know TEN HIGH has No Rough Edges—and I was in a hurry to Double My Enjoyment of the raise that the boss just gave me!"

GET THAT TEN HIGH SMILE
SAY! THEY WEREN'T FOOLING! THIS RICH-TASTING, LOW-PRICED TEN HIGH IS THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"!
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY · STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
Double your enjoyment with
TEN HIGH
90 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

JOSEF RANALD once saved his life by pretending to read the palms of some Balkan bandits. He predicted such lovely futures for them that they let him go. Actually he's no palmist—never has been—but he believes the conformation of hands reveals character. As a roving newspaper correspondent he collected prints of famous people's hands during seven journeys around the world. His library of handprints includes those of more than ten thousand celebrities, the feminine prints ranging all the way from Magda Lupescu's to Shirley Temple's. He says Shirley's hand shows that she could be a tennis champion if she wanted to.

Long fingers for patience, says Mr. Ranald; short fingers for action. Thick fingers, practical; thin fingers, nervous; stiff fingers, stubborn; supple fingers, tactful. Shape of each finger has special meaning, even the lengths of the different joints. Large thumbs denote quick determination; small thumbs a less positive personality. Big hands are methodical, good at detail work, but need direction. Small hands make better bosses, declares Josef Ranald, who now writes and lectures on the subject.

"Gradually we are developing a national American hand," declares Mr. Ranald, "longer-fingered than the European, fingers and palm rather hard and dry, nails large and well shaped, and a prominent ridge across the back of the hand."

☆ Faster and faster speeds our mechanized life. Here's a true office romance that outpaces love at first sight:

It happened a few weeks ago in a very modern business office where young executives dictate letters by means of the dictaphone. Recordings of the dictation go to young-lady stenographers, who write the letters therefrom, without even a glimpse at the young executives.

Well, one of the stenographers fell so hard for the recorded voice of a young executive that she sent a record of her voice back to him, on the pretext of quizzing a point in his letter.

And he liked the sound of *her* voice so much that he called her to his office to explain the letter personally. Wedding scheduled for October.

☆ At a recent luncheon I met Waino Latvala, Finnish advertising man, and his face looked familiar to me, as did mine to him, but neither of us could think where we had known each other before. Some days later he attended a cocktail party I gave to inaugurate my new Waring mixer—Fred Waring's swell glass-and-chrome engine that makes crushed fruit and vegetable drinks, frozen sherbets, etc. As soon as he saw it, Mr. Latvala turned to me and exclaimed:

"Petrograd! Twenty-three years ago! The starvation days of the Terror! You were there, and I delivered an American Red Cross package to your home. This mixer reminded me, because I was then subsisting entirely on shake-ups of canned milk, powdered cocoa, saccharin, and Mellin's baby food!" . . . Then I too remembered—remembered my bare Russian pantry, the destitute young Finn, and my prayer of thanksgiving when he brought me a bag of flour from the American Red Cross.

"She's really a keen executive mind. The children are just a side line."

☆ Try serving this *Oriental Iced Coffee,* spicy and smooth, for your dinner dessert on a blazing summer day.

Prepare as follows: Caramelize 1 cup sugar; add a pinch of cinnamon and 1 cup boiling water. Cook for 2 minutes, then pour in 4 cups strong hot coffee, 1 cup thin cream. Serve in tall glasses with cracked ice. Float vanilla ice cream on top.

☆ Nearly a third of a million walkers, hikers, and cyclists are injured or killed on our roads every year by automobiles—mostly at night, and mostly in the summertime, season of outings. Ruth R. McKinley of Miami, Florida, has invented a clever device to help protect them. It consists of a pair of bright reflectors, about the size of shoe buckles, on elastic straps that fit over your shoe, one reflector in front, the other in back. Since auto headlights aim low, at the roadway, drivers should see your flashing feet in time to watch out for you. At least I hope they will! This new Pedestrian Protector is no larger than a garter; just as easy to slip on or off. Will be on the market soon.

☆ Each of the Dionne quintuplets is now fifty-eight years old—in terms of life-insurance averages. According to insurance figuring, seventy-five women out of a hundred reach the age of fifty-eight, but the same average applies to any *group of five* girl children reaching the age of six. So the little Dionnes, now going on seven, are fifty-two years ahead of themselves, by insurance mathematics. If you can't understand this, don't blame me. Blame the insurance man who told me about it.

"Tell me you'll marry me tomorrow and give me all the things I've never had!"

MONEY talks

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

"DO you love Philip Paisley?" Walter's words hung on the sunlit morning air.

"Yes," Eloise admitted—not defiantly, but simply. "I love Phil more than anything on earth. I know it at last."

Walter, facing this new grown-up Eloise in this age-old Southern room, suddenly saw his wife completely for the first time. And, for the first time in all their many crises together, he respected her.

"You love him?" He struggled to keep the joy out of his tone. "Then that makes everything simple!"

To his amazement, however, Eloise fiercely contradicted him. "No, it doesn't! You don't—you couldn't understand! . . . I love Phil, yes. But that doesn't mean that I'm asking for a divorce. Don't get that idea! You see, I love Phil but he doesn't love me—not enough to do anything binding about it!"

"You mean—?"

"Oh, Walter, I don't know how to explain it to you! You're a man. Love to you has always meant giving and giving—always leading from strength! You never demanded anything from me. You've always been more than generous with money, and—more than that—with patience and tolerance and forgiveness. You're always forgiving me! And it kills me!

Four hearts, and happiness! Now swiftly the curtain falls on this beguiling drama of riches and romance

So many times I've pushed you to breaking point just to see you break! To see you blow up! And you never do; you always turn the other cheek! Sir Walter, Saint Walter! . . . Forgive me, Walt, but now I'm telling the truth. Phil, on the other hand, isn't like you. He—he hurts. He demands, especially in little things—where a man should demand! He makes love to me, oh yes; but he laughs at me and jeers even while he asks for more and more! . . . And now, when for the first time I realize that I'm willing to give him anything on earth, I know he thinks I haven't enough to give!"

Eloise was sobbing.

"El," Walter said, "what you say is all true; but you only describe half the picture. I *have* babied you, spoiled you. But, in honesty, let me tell you that I have done it, have demanded almost nothing from you, simply because I have felt that you had almost nothing to give. . . . Wait! This is no longer an argument that concerns *us*. This now concerns you and Philip Paisley. If you have something big and real to give him, I'm glad—and I'm free. We can straighten out this situation—"

"Oh," Eloise screamed, "there you go again! You think everything can be straightened out. That all life can be arranged with your patience and saintliness and money! You don't understand! I tell you, Phil doesn't want me. As his mistress, yes. As his wife, no! And I don't want you to divorce me; you promised me you never would unless I asked! You're not going back on your promise?"

"No—but—"

"Then we're exactly where we were and—I'm going to the hospital!" She whirled out of the room.

"El, one thing—" he called after her. But she had gone.

Walter followed her. He ran down the wide stairs, outside to where a roadster, motor humming, waited for Eloise. He jumped into the roadster, pushed Eloise out of the driver's seat. And they sped toward the hospital.

"I want to know, El," Walter demanded, "whether or not Paisley knows you love him—enough to marry him, poor as he is. And whether you really love him that much!"

"Oh, of course I do!" Eloise cried. "But of course he doesn't know it!"

"Then let him know it!"

"But—" She frowned, choked. And Walter read her doubt and was sorry for her.

"Be fair to him," he said quickly. "Give him the chance. Tell him I will divorce you. . . . And, El, as far as settlements between you and me are concerned, you know that, no matter how we slice it, you will be a rich woman. But—I wouldn't tell Philip that now—just for your own future satisfaction."

AT the hospital they were not allowed to see Paisley. On the following day Eloise saw him. And two days later Walter was ushered in to the doctor's bedside. He went alone because Paisley had insisted on seeing him privately.

"I'm glad to hear you're so much on the mend," Walter greeted him. "You sent for me? What can I do for you?"

Paisley's eyes, visible between the swathed bandages, twinkled for a moment. "A great deal. Now that I'm sure I'll recover—and now that I'm pretty sure of something else—I'm about to ask you the same thing that Wagner asked von Bülow."

Quick triumph surged up in Walter. The future suddenly opened its door, as he had hoped that it would.

"Yes," the man on the bed continued, "I'm asking for Eloise. I realize I'm going about this in an unconventionally direct manner. But I'm an unconventional person; and so is she; and—certainly—so are you!"

Walter sat down beside the bed. "I appreciate your directness," he said, trying to keep the joy out of his voice. "Eloise has prepared me for this; I know she loves you."

"So do I—now. I wasn't sure of it before. Oh, I've known that I was good for her, that I understood her peculiar needs far better—pardon me—than you. I've known that I could keep her sufficiently occupied with problems and requirements so that she wouldn't have to indulge in the release escapades that she — again pardon me — found necessary with you. But I also have realized that Eloise's nature is a luxury-loving one; that her beauty, her spirit depend so much on the expensive nonessentials of living. And I am a poor man. . . . However, all that is now beside the point. Up until now I haven't felt that her nature was capable of real love; and now—"

"Now you feel that it is."

YES. You see, this accident that happened to me (and it was my fault; I grabbed the stick) has shaken Eloise out of a lot of her old superficialities. It has given her a chance to be big, forgiving, wholeheartedly pitying for the first time in her life. Also, for the first time since I've known her—and, I'll admit, made love to her—she is thinking of *me* and not of the impression that she is making on me. So I believe her when she says she loves me. . . . Does all this analysis sound in bad taste coming from me to you? If so—"

"Not at all. It makes the picture clearer."

"Good. Eloise has told me that she is so eager to marry me soon, to start taking care of me—battered as I am—that she is willing to have us ask you for a divorce and no alimony." There was just a trace of hesitancy in the doctor's final words.

Walter stood up, smiled at the mummified figure on the bed. "I'll go to Reno at once and start the divorce rolling," he said. "I wish you both great happiness. And I'm inclined to agree with you—you can probably do far more for Eloise than I ever could."

"Thank you."

Walter went to the door, then turned about. "Just one further thing. Would it upset your scheme of future living, or the balance of power between you two, if I were to settle a million dollars outright on Eloise?"

The doctor chuckled, in what might have been either surprise or relief. "That would be," he murmured, "as they say in Victorian drama, very handsome of you! Fortunately, my make-up is such that I'll know how to cope with being married to a wealthy woman!"

"Splendid. And good luck."

Walter went out, closed the door. He knew that, in promising to settle a fortune on Eloise, he had done exactly what the shrewd psychologist, Philip Paisley, had expected of him. Yet, in spite of that realization, Walter felt that the resourceful doctor would indeed keep Eloise so occupied that she would stand a good chance of being happy.

MEANWHILE some one else who was so occupied that she was happy was Dee Mason. Settled with Miss Augusta in a tropical Snow White cottage Dee was tasting luxury in living such as she had never imagined. From the midmorning moment when the colored maid brought in her breakfast tray, to the evening hour when Dee and Miss Augusta sat out in their patio garden, Dee's days were like so many polished beads slipping one after another along a silken cord.

She stopped coughing, gained weight, and acquired a delectable tan. Her letters home, and to Chub, were glowing. And her little notes—sent with part of her pay every week—to Walter at his New York address, were lighthearted. (That he had gone to Reno, she didn't know. Nor did any one else, save his bankers and lawyers and his good friend Judge Bartlett in Reno, who put him up out there and who shielded his incognito.)

Walter answered all her notes with strangely young and carefree ones of his own—in which he recounted adventures of an imaginary trailer trip which he was supposedly taking. And just before Christmas he wrote that her accounts were honestly square. He sent her an elaborate receipt, paid in full, and also word that a little present was on the way.

Dee was so excited after that letter that Miss Augusta began to watch her with narrowed speculating eyes. And when the present arrived, Dee was so happy—yet so fearful that her employer would object—that she almost cried. For that present was a shaggy lovable little dog, exactly like the one that Dee had admired in the pet-shop window on that evening when her Great Adventure had started!

To Dee's surprise, however, Miss Augusta seemed both amused and delighted to have the pup in their exquisite little cottage. Whereupon Dee, who had avoided any but the slightest mention of Walter, broke

down and told the old lady about meeting him in New York; and how he had known her as a child; how he had recently insisted on paying her hospital bills; and how now, thanks to Miss Augusta, she was all square with him.

It was after this talk that Miss Augusta, seemingly for no reason at all, suddenly kissed Dee lightly on the cheek and said, "You're a dear child, and as fine and sound as Orrefors glass!" (She didn't add, "and as transparent.") And after that, Miss Augusta was kinder than ever to Dee, and took her to more places, and taught her more and more of the things that the Miss Augustas—and the Walter Bassetts—of the world know.

But even into Paradise sometimes comes a serpent. One morning in January, Dee and Miss Augusta were enjoying second cups of coffee in their patio. Dee was thinking, very solemnly, of Chub's recent letter—in which he had again begged her for an answer, begged her to wire him just two words—"Fly down"—and he would be with her in a few hours! Dear Chub!

The pseudo-mission bell in the hedge gateway tinkled, and the darky servant admitted a middle-aged whirlwind who didn't wait to be announced but who fairly flung herself into the patio, crying, "Gussie, you old hypocrite! Why didn't you let a body know you were here? And I'm dying to ask you how come your Walter got sense at last and divorced his Eloise! The papers have just this morning got the story—even though it happened days ago. But I wager you know all about it—you who've always been so deplorably yet commendably silent where your darling was concerned."

IT was too late for Miss Augusta to do more than cry, "Lily, stop! Sit down. Have a cup of coffee. And let me introduce Miss Mason, my very good friend and lifesaver. What are you doing here, Lily? I thought you were installed with four little charges in London?"

Only Miss Augusta's old fingers, trembling as they clutched her reticule, betrayed emotion.

"Don't be silly," the female whirlwind protested. "London has very few little ones now. My little lambs are stowed somewhere near Stoke Poges, where there are so many all-British governesses on their uppers that I half-American—was practically looked on as an enemy alien! . . . But how about you? Tell me, what are you doing here? Why aren't you starting in afresh on Walter's adopted infants?"

Miss Augusta, Dee had to admit later—when the shock of this revelation wore off — was superb. She ordered fresh coffee, told the intruding Lily that she was here for health, added that Miss Mason was also here for health, and immediately launched into a discussion of world events that was interrupted only by the arrival of the launch captain who had come to take them on a trip through the rivers and lagoons that have made Miami a water-and-land Eden.

Miss Augusta insisted that Lily join the party—possibly because she wished to put off being alone with Dee. Dee, however, begged to be excused from the trip. She was feeling too furious, too betrayed. Walter had tricked her again! So Miss Augusta Cawthorne was his old governess! So all the money that she, Dee, had been so painstakingly paying him back had been his own money! Oh!

"Miss Augusta," Dee pleaded, "would you mind terribly if I didn't go on the trip? I—I have a headache."

MISS AUGUSTA looked searchingly at her, patted her shoulder tenderly. "I understand. Stay here; relax. But, Dee dear, remember—headaches never are as bad as they seem. They pass. There are things harder to bear than headaches—loneliness, thwarted ideals, the desire to do things for loved ones, only to be slapped down! Remember also that sometimes it's more blessed to receive than to give—and far more taxing on the disposition! . . . Come on, Lily."

The two old ladies followed the launch captain out. And Dee was alone in the sun-spattered patio where—appropriately enough—a mockingbird was singing.

Dee tried to hang on to Miss Augusta's last words, tried to talk herself into forgiving Walter. But her young pride was too offended. She went impatiently into her room. The first thing that met her eyes was Chub's letter lying on her desk. Chub! Honest, fair, generous. As generous as Walter; *more* so, in that *he* wanted to give *himself!* Dee stood looking down at that letter, her thoughts as bedazzled as her eyes.

What had Miss Augusta said? It is sometimes more blessed to receive than to give? Very well, then. She would receive Chub, his love, all that he had to give her! And she'd make a success of it — the receiving! As Chub's wife she would be safe forever from Walter's generosity and from her own shameful hidden love!

Dee ran to the telephone. "Western Union," she requested. Then, before the office answered, she hung up. No. She wouldn't charge another thing to this bungalow's account. She would pay cash for the wire to Chub—cash that was Walter's but that would be returned, every cent!

Dee poised a cart-wheel sun hat on her bronze curls, slipped on a yellow jacket that matched her slacks.

"I'm going for a walk," she told the maid. And she hurried out through the arched gateway into the burning gold-white sunshine.

"Fly down, Chub," she kept repeating; "fly down." She said it over and over, as though she might forget it if she stopped—or as though her decision might waver before she reached the telegraph office.

Enjoy a Tall, Frosty Sloe Gin Fizz!

DELICIOUS—EASY TO MAKE

2 oz. Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin, juice of ½ lemon and 1 teaspoon powdered sugar in 8 oz. glass. Fill with seltzer, add ice, decorate with slice of lemon.

A Sloe Gin Fizz tastes tangy and rich as rare Burgundy—made with Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin! For, Mr. Boston uses the finest, plum-like *imported sloe berries* to give matchless flavor and richness. Try this tall thirst-quencher today—discover the taste-perfection of Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin!

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America's Largest-Selling Sloe Gin

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CALOX MOVIE QUIZ NO. 10

His Famous CALOX SMILE thrills millions in "A Date with Destiny"

. . . a new Paramount Picture

WHO IS HE?

CLUES by Sheilah Graham
Hollywood Movie Reporter

1. What splendid English actor just celebrated his thirteenth wedding anniversary?

2. Who played Sherlock Holmes in "The Hound of the Baskervilles"?

3. Like Bing Crosby and Cary Grant, he uses Calox, too. Who is he?

(Check your answer below. Star's name is at bottom of page*)

TRY THIS FINGER-NAIL TEST —PROVE CALOX POLISHES SAFELY

DISCOVER WHY so many famous stars use Calox Tooth Powder! Pour a little Calox on a buffer and rub your fingernails vigorously. Now look at their *high polish*. Proof that Calox CLEANS—without harming the softest tooth enamel! For Calox contains not only 1 or 2, but 5 CLEANSING AGENTS that attack ugly film and surface stain. Use Calox for 30 DAYS. Win that "Hollywood Sparkle"!

CALOX TOOTH POWDER

Try Calox Antiseptic—Refreshes the mouth, sweetens the breath

*Basil Rathbone

Now Marie thanks that "HOLLYWOOD SPARKLE"!

1. **Marie:** "Hollywood at last! When are we seeing the sights, Uncle Harry?"
Uncle: "Starting *right now* . . . come on. I'll show you how a picture is made."

2. **Marie:** "Gosh but she's beautiful. And her smile . . . it puts mine to shame!"
Uncle: "Ah, my dear, that's the 'Hollywood Sparkle.' And the secret is Calox, the tooth powder with *5 cleansing agents*. Why don't you try it, Marie?"

3. **Bill:** "Sa-a-y . . . take a look at Marie. Her Hollywood vacation sure has helped her smile!"
Jack: "Sure has! And did you notice how attentive her old beau, Dick, is?"

Helps your "Teeth shine like the stars" *by bringing out natural lustre*

As she walked, her decision and her temper mounted. Ahead was the sign of Western Union. She accelerated her pace to make the crossing before the traffic light changed.

"Hey! Where do you think you're going!" A taxi, piled with luggage, slewed out of her way.

But the back door opened and a never-to-be-forgotten voice called, "Dee!"

Dee looked up—into Walter's face!

"Get in," he said.

"No!" she cried. "No!"

A volley of angry horns sounded from the surrounding cars. A policeman strode up. "What the—?" he began. "This is a crazy place to stage a pick-up!"

"It isn't that," Dee protested; "but I—"

The policeman grinned as he sensed a little bit of the situation. "Make up your mind, lady," he advised.

Dee had no time to make up her mind, however, and no need to, for Walter's strong arms suddenly lifted her into the cab.

"Dee," he laughed, as the cab once more got into motion. "Oh, Dee darling! What a preposterous way for us to meet! Dee!" His arms continued to hold her.

Dee couldn't speak because her heart was kicking up so much interference in her vocal cords.

"DEE," Walter went on, pulling off her hat and running his hand over her hair, finally cupping her chin with his strong fingers, "tell me quick that you love me as I love you—that the dreams I have had haven't lied to me! Tell me you'll marry me tomorrow and give me all the things I've never had! Dee darling!"

She was pushing him away with her fists. "I'm furious," she began. "You've tricked me—"

"I know." He caught her hands in his. Then, because the driver had slowed up before the hedge gateway, Walter called to him, "Drive once again around the block." Firmly he shut the driver's window.

To Dee he continued, "I know. Everything you want to say about me is true. I'm an awful person, completely unreliable, and horrible to live with. I've tricked you and cheated you—and it will take at least a lifetime for you to forgive me in! But say you'll take it, darling! Oh Lord, Dee! I've never been in love before! I didn't know it could be like this!"

Dee looked up at him. And when she saw his eyes, the burning, undeniable truth in them, suddenly all the fences within her fell down. She nodded because she couldn't speak.

The taxi stopped before the gate in the hedge. The driver waited a few moments with his eyes tactfully at front-dress. Then he jumped out and began noisily to unload the luggage.

Dee and Walter eventually noticed. "Come in," Dee said shakily. "Come in and we'll have a cup of coffee. Only, this time you must promise not to spill it!"

THE END

SONG..AND 1780

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ NEW MOON

THE PLAYERS: Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Mary Boland, George Zucco, H. B. Warner, Grant Mitchell, Stanley Fields, Richard Purcell, John Miljan, Ivan Simpson, William Tannen, Bunty Cutler, Claude King, Cecil Cunningham, Joe Yule, George Irving, Edwin Maxwell. Screen play by Jacques Deval and Robert Arthur, based on the operetta by Oscar Hammerstein II, Frank Mandel, and Laurence Schwab, music by Sigmund Romberg. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 105 minutes.

LAVISH, expensive musical designed for escapists. New Moon has the distant flavor of France before the Revolution, the decorative background of New Orleans in 1780, and the tang of the high seas. And it has the popular stars, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, in their sixth operetta together.

New Moon is the romance of a spoiled darling of Paris, Marianne de Beaumanoir, and Charles, Duc de Villiers, at the moment a political prisoner about to be sold into slavery in Louisiana. This was the one way he could dodge the guillotine and make his escape from France.

Charles manages to get himself sold to Marianne, but almost before he can burst into song he is leading the political prisoners in the seizure of a ship off New Orleans.

Chance puts Marianne on the same vessel, as well as a hundred French girls en route to Martinique to be colony brides. Then a terrific storm wrecks the ship, the New Moon, on a desert island—and Charles, between solos and duets, sets up a republic.

Eddy does the swashbuckling Duc de Villiers and, to my way of thinking, is pretty phlegmatic and unromantic. And Miss MacDonald, enveloped in sixteen costume changes and some eighty petticoats, is slightly

With a tale of distant charm and island love, the movies offer escape from 1940

★ Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, New Moon's singing stars, in a romantic moment. ★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

There are four pictures we are recommending this month.

★ ★ ★ ★

They are

Clark Gable *in* BOOM TOWN

Spencer Tracy *in* BOOM TOWN

Claudette Colbert *in* BOOM TOWN *and*

Hedy Lamarr *in* BOOM TOWN

★ ★ ★ ★

In other words, BOOM TOWN is four pictures in one.

★ ★ ★ ★

Directed by Jack Conway, produced by Sam Zimbalist, written by John Lee Mahin from a story by James Edward Grant, BOOM TOWN proves that only M-G-M has the back and shoulders to *M*ake *G*reater *M*ovies.

★ ★ ★ ★

Into the mush and the ooze of the booming Texas town of Burkburnett come two of the toughest hombres that ever drilled a well or drilled a fist into a jawbone. ★ ★ ★ ★

They become partners, pals, then rivals and enemies. They are broke; they get into the dough; they go broke again. Big decisions are made by the flip of a coin. They do things on a heroic scale.

★ ★ ★ ★

Clark plays Big John and Spencer plays Square John. Until Claudette and Hedy get into the melee, everything's jake with the Johns.

★ ★ ★ ★

You haven't seen anything until you get near that oil conflagration scene which rivals any scourge, shipwreck, hurricane, earthquake or battle caught by the camera since those first experiments with the galloping shutter.

★ ★ ★ ★

This is a real movie. It is, as we said four pictures in one. As in all films of dimension, it is the story that really counts. BOOM TOWN has a heart. The beat in the bosom of Claudette's "Betsy" is a tuning-fork to the heart-strings of the audience.

★ ★ ★ ★

Maybe we're just screen-struck, but to us there can be no better afternoon or evening in the darkened palace than watching a show like BOOM TOWN.

★ ★ ★ ★

With the most attractive foursome on any course: Clark, Spencer, Claudette and Hedy.

★ ★

Blushingly presented by —Leo

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

on the self-conscious valentine side. But if you like your Eddy and your MacDonald, if their voices charm you, you will find that this musical is extravagantly done, even if overlong, that there are numerous tuneful Romberg songs, such as Lover Come Back, One Kiss, and Stout-Hearted Men.

VITAL STATISTICS: Catalina played the tropic island, harbor for the shipwrecked crew and passengers. Technicians built an artificial stream and waterfall. Special tropical plants were sent over from the studio hothouses, shielded at night with cheesecloth screens. Special corps of manicure experts watched the bit players, removing polish and trimming nails. Polish was unknown then, girls of the station in life of the young brides en route to Martinique wore short clipped nails. . . . Mary Boland wears an eighty-five-pound green velvet costume with steel hoops. Took three wardrobe girls to lift it. . . . Jeanette MacDonald's portable dressing room had a double door, capable of opening to width of seven feet. This for the huge skirts. Even so, she had to tilt one dress to get in and out. . . . Nelson Eddy's portable dressing room was rigged inside as a sculptor's studio. Eddy spends his spare time sculpting. . . . Director Bob Leonard and cameraman Oliver Marsh have worked together for more than twenty years. Bob started in pictures as an actor in 1907, started directing in 1916.

★ ★ ★ MY LOVE CAME BACK

THE PLAYERS: Olivia de Havilland, Jeffrey Lynn, Charles Winninger, Eddie Albert, Jane Wyman, Spring Byington, William Orr, Ann Gillis, S. Z. Sakall, Grant Mitchell. Screen play by Michael Hogan, based on a story by Walter Reisch. Directed by Kurt Bernhardt. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 85 minutes.

A BRIGHT and spontaneous little comedy, excellently directed by a European newcomer, Kurt Bernhardt.

Here's the plot: Julius Malette is president of the Monarch Music Company and a gay old boy with a roving eye. His interest in the Brissac Music Academy leads to his interest in a pretty student. It's all platonic, but when Malette secretly finances the girl's schooling, everybody misunderstands. Malette's handsome manager is skeptical, his own family take the warpath. Out of it all emerges a romance for the girl and manager Tony Baldwin.

Director Bernhardt has kept his comedy deftly paced, Olivia de Havilland is a charming little violinist, Charles Winninger is amusing as Julius Malette, Jeffrey Lynn is excellent as his manager. In fact, every character is done with understanding and humor. You'll go weeks before you encounter a pleasanter comedy.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jeffrey Lynn was about to kiss Olivia de Havilland in a fervid scene when he looked up, and on the side lines saw his former dramatic coach, Professor Grosvenor Robinson of Bates College. "You've made great progress since you were my pupil," commented the prof. . . . Olivia never had played a violin, nor any musical instrument, for that matter. For this she took lessons for a month, in order to handle the violin and bow expertly. The actual music? Don't ask such questions. . . . Director Bernhardt here makes his first Hollywood film. Kurt narrowly escaped a Nazi concentration camp six years ago before he reached Hollywood via France and England. He is in his forties, married to an English ballet dancer. Calls everybody "darling." . . . Ann Gillis was Little Orphan Annie and Becky Thatcher in Tom Sawyer. Now she's grown up; at fourteen plays her first semi-adult role here. Has green eyes, red hair. Called the Junior Oomph Girl. Born in Little Rock, Arkansas.

★ ★½ THE MAN WHO TALKED TOO MUCH

THE PLAYERS: George Brent, Virginia Bruce, Brenda Marshall, Richard Barthelmess, William Lundigan, George Tobias, John Litel, Henry Armetta, David Bruce, Clarence Kolb, Louis Jean Heydt, Marc Lawrence, Ed Stanley, Kay Sutton. Screen play by Walter DeLeon and Tom Reed, based on a play by Frank J. Collins. Directed by Vincent Sherman. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 75 minutes.

THIS is a remake of The Mouthpiece of 1932—with George Brent in the role done before by Warren William—of a shrewd lawyer who forgets ethics and collects huge fees for keeping gangsters out of jail and particularly from the electric chair. When Steve's kid brother joins him, the boy can't abide his unethical methods, turns over valuable evidence to the district attorney. With that, the gangsters frame him and Steve himself almost gets bumped off trying to save him.

Nicely played by Brent as Steve, Dick Barthelmess as the underworld boss, Virginia Bruce as the crooked lawyer's faithful secretary, and William Lundigan as the brother. Even so, the melodrama strains for punch, lacks freshness.

VITAL STATISTICS: Six years ago Dick Barthelmess quit to play and rest. He's made two pictures since, the last being Only Angels Have Wings. . . . Bill Lundigan, who plays the kid brother, was doing a bit in a radio play when film producer Charles Rogers heard his voice. Couldn't identify voice owner; later recognized it in a film test. Hence a Universal contract to Bill. Later he left Universal, moved over to Warners. Bill is six two, weighs 178, has blue Irish eyes, light brown hair. Grad of Syracuse University, where he played basketball and football. . . . Folks say Virginia Bruce walks with a drawl, whatever that is. Sort of study in slow motion. . . . George Brent has two large annuities, owns a community market, two gas stations. Recently bought a pineapple ranch in Hawaii. Hopes to live there some day, maybe when his Warner contract ends, two years from now.

Short Review:

★ ★ **CROSS-COUNTRY ROMANCE** (RKO Radio). Built after the hitchhike pattern of It Happened One Night. Gene Raymond plays an earnest young doctor driving across country who finds in his trailer a pretty socialite heiress (Wendy Barrie) in step-ins and little else. She is ducking a swank wedding and she's Gene's companion to the Coast, whether he likes it or not. All this is only mildly amusing. (67 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Our Town, The Baker's Wife, Rebecca, Pinocchio, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, The Grapes of Wrath, Abe Lincoln in Illinois.

★★★½—The Mortal Storm, Virginia City, The Fight for Life, My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage, His Girl Friday, Of Mice and Men.

★★★—Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days, 'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement, Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene, The Biscuit Eater, It's a Date, Johnny Apollo, Primrose Path, The House of the Seven Gables, Too Many Husbands, Strange Cargo, Dr. Cyclops, Buck Benny Rides Again, Seventeen, The Shop Around the Corner, The Fighting 69th, The Blue Bird, Slightly Honorable, The Earl of Chicago.

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This booklet is extremely informative and should be read thoroughly by anyone afflicted with Hay-Fever, Sinusitis, Asthma, Catarrh, frequent head colds, etc.
Name
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Only after a dizzy blonde was forcibly subdued were Clark and Carole permitted to eat their meal in peace.

A pensive lament for days that are no more . . from one who "knew them when"

THE DESERTED VILLAGE—Hollywood

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IN the palmy Palace days of dear departed vaudeville, redheaded Irene Franklin used to let herself go on a ditty the refrain of which went something like this:

I knew her when
She did not have
A shirtwaist to her back.

The first four words of this classic seeped into our language and became a lasting phrase. It is the phrase which springs to mind whenever I look with friendly but analytical eye on that jade, Hollywood.

I knew her *when*—when Mary Pickford, then indubitably America's Sweetheart, lived in the old white house on Western Avenue, and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., at the height of his fame and his agility, was jumping in and out of the dining-room window to avoid the ga-ga crowds.

And I know her now.

That there should be changes was to be expected, especially in a community whose entire life is essentially cinematographic. Take, for instance, the case of David Wark Griffith, who was called back out of the limbo to supervise a Hollywood production not long ago. No one on the lot where he was working paid any attention to him. The army of yes men and yes women who used to follow at his heels were marching now under other banners. Finally, discouraged by his reception, disapproving and disapproved, Griffith gave up his come-

back chance. Reportedly, he said: "My reputation couldn't help the picture, and I am sure the picture wouldn't help my reputation."

Yet Griffith, in almost any other line of work, would not be considered a has-been. He is only two years older than Franklin Roosevelt, and just a year younger than Albert Einstein. He is six years younger than Winston Churchill. But, to the Hollywood mind, this greatest of picture-makers belongs to a past era.

As the saying is in Hollywood itself, "That's picture business." And it is entirely natural that the town itself, being the essence of picture business, should be continually changing. The geographical changes in themselves I do not mind. With growing population and rising real-estate values, it was inevitable that the newer and larger studio lots should be located in outlying districts. But there is no denying the effect all this has had upon Hollywood.

Western Avenue, for example, that great cross-town artery which connects the major boulevards, Wilshire and Hollywood, retains among its vast array of sign-littered shops only one monument to its former cinema greatness: William Fox's old studio, where Sol Wurtzel has gone on, year in and out, performing the alphabetical miracle of producing A pictures on B appropriations.

THE boulevards themselves have changed even more markedly. Wilshire seems to have been taken over by the Federal Housing Administration. Own-your-owns, a dollar down and a dollar a year, jostle each other from Bullocks-Wilshire to Beverly-Wilshire in a crowded promiscuity which robs it of its stateliness. And Hollywood Boulevard, Santa Claus Lane, is—well, it is no longer the Avenue of Dreams. Even the famed corner known as "Hollywood and Vine" might—except that two familiar restaurants are still there—be the "busy corner" of any southern California town.

The two restaurants also have not wholly escaped the devastating effects of passing time. Beaming, bespectacled old Al Levy no longer greets the folks at the door of the café which bears his name, and big-eyed, curly-haired Herb Somborn, father of the Brown Derbies and one-time husband of Gloria Swanson, is likewise dead. The other famous cafés in this part of town have long since gone, and only chromium-covered Sardi's has risen to replace them.

It is not until one enters the few old restaurants which remain and the many new ones which have sprung up on every side that the real changes in Hollywood life are devastatingly felt.

Sand dabs in the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador, fileted and fried in butter, may be no more intriguing gastronomically than the same little fishes would be at many a café unknown to fame; but in the old days it added a sauce to any dish to eat it with Jack Gilbert on your fork side and Pola Negri on your knife. In one normal non-gala night at the Grove I have seen Jack Dempsey with Estelle Taylor, that warm beauty; Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell, before they decided to dance on separate floors; blonde Blanche Sweet and smiling husband Mickey Neilan; Clara Bow, red-gold dress and red-gold hair, competing for the weekly dance prize; Thelma Converse, now Lady Furness, and still Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt's sister; Ruth Roland, once a thriller queen, later the richest woman in Hollywood; King Vidor and Florence, the creator and the created; Irving Thalberg, the boy producer, surrounded by a gay company; and Griffith, the old master, austerely alone.

On another such evening at the Beverly Hills Derby—to name only the girls—I recall eating my swordfish and spinach alongside Alice Joyce, Nita Naldi, Dorothy Gish, Betty Blythe, Norma Talmadge, Shirley Mason, and Mary Nolan.

BUT one does not need to go so far back to get the comparison between yesterday and today. It cannot be more than five or six years ago that I sat in this same room at Beverly Hills one summer lunchtime with Jean Harlow—I remember she wore a gray sweater, white flannel slacks, and no make-up; with Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, in from Malibu in beachy sports clothes; with Gracie Allen, working on an ear of corn; with Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland — it was Gilbert Roland then in Connie's life—eating Brown Derby lamb stew; with Warner Baxter, devoting himself to his favorite dish, clam chowder; with George Raft, complete with spaghetti; and with Norma Shearer, who scarcely knew Mr. Raft in those days, being very dainty while she plumbed for that tiny white morsel which lies under the eye of a river trout.

Now—in 1940—except on highly publicized première nights, I defy any one anywhere any time in modern Hollywood to find a caféful of equally glistening names. Not long ago I made it my business to dine seven nights in succession in seven different top-flight Hollywood restaurants. Except for Monday night at Victor Hugo's, when the house had been bought out by the Dominoes, an aggregation of joyous old-timers which included May Robson and the Gleasons, I felt as if I had spent a week in "the deep, cold shadow of the tomb."

At the other restaurants I saw—count 'em!—Anita Stewart, long retired from the movies but looking amazingly young and beautiful; Mary Martin, Don Ameche, Jeffrey Lynn, Helen Vinson, Bruce Cabot, and Randy Scott.

These seven—and not a single other whose name would attract a nickel to a box office—were all I had to show for my poll of "Hollywood hot spots."

Not even the top producers and studio executives longer grace the scene. Thursday evening — maid's night out—used to bring out a crowded house of these gentry and their wives and children: men like Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky, Sam Goldwyn, and Bill Fox. But on the Thursday evening of my recent Gallup tour I saw not one well known producer, studio executive, or director.

The old Hollywood life did much to weld this strange conglomeration of people into a real community. In New York, before the Western hegira, the movie people didn't know—but merely hated—each other. In Hollywood, thanks to just such gatherings as those of the big movie men on maid's night out, there grew up in time a sort of *esprit de klieg*. It's too bad it couldn't continue into these troubled times.

Well, there are reasons for these changes, too. One is the importation of "society wives" from the East. Such wives—Mrs. Fred Astaire, Mrs. Henry Fonda, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Mrs. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and the others—gather their own little circles and entertain them in their own homes. Non-society Hollywood wives have followed suit.

Another reason, of more consequence, is the airplane. When it took four days to get to New York, movie actors and directors and producers sought relaxation in the Hollywood haunts. But now that it is almost as easy to lunch in New York the day after a picture finishes, New York is where the luncheon is held.

And before war filled the Atlantic skies with danger the Clippers were rapidly completing the Hollywood devastation which the landplanes had begun. In fact, one rich young leading man was already the veteran of thirty-six crossings, and, although American born, regularly maintained a flat in West End London.

OH, perhaps it's all just as well. What is Hollywood's loss is the rest of the world's gain, or vice versa. What does seem too bad, however, is that the *real* stars of the screen—very different from its flash-in-the-pan, ballyhooed starlets—no longer grace with their presences the cafés and restaurants which once added so much color and life to the city in which they lived—and for this fact what is chiefly responsible is the behavior of the men and women, especially the women, who derive so much pleasure from seeing their idols with their knees beneath the table linen.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, on one of their recent infrequent visits to a public café, were mauled by enthusiastic patrons until they were almost forced to run away to save their clothes and their skins. Only after the leader of the maulers, a dizzy blonde, was forcibly subdued by representatives of the law were Clark and Carole permitted for a while to eat their meal in peace.

But the principal and culminating

cause of the disappearance of stars and directors and producers and magnates from the Hollywood scene is that, like Annie, they don't live there any more. I have before me an authorized list of the present addresses of Hollywood's stars and featured players. Only four stars list themselves as still living in Hollywood proper. Three of these are holdovers from the period of silent films; the fourth is Mae West. The others, some three hundred of them, give their addresses as Beverly Hills, Bel-Air, Brentwood, Van Nuys, Encino, Santa Monica, Santa Monica Canyon, Malibu Canyon, Holmby Hills, Toluca Lake, North Hollywood, and "The Valley."

It is not too difficult to see why this is so.

I went up into Laurel Canyon the other day to look at the little house in which I lived before the process of decentralization scrambled and sprawled the town. The house was still there, just as delightfully and picturesquely Monterey as I remembered it. But when I moved away, less than ten years ago, it still stood almost alone among wooded hills, far from the madding Hollywood crowd. Today, presumably with New Deal assistance, those hills have, like Wilshire Boulevard, broken out in a rash of tiny hope-to-own houses, ever so close together. And as Laurel Canyon has changed, so has the town. It is no longer a place where—autograph hounds being what they are—celebrated cinema stars can maintain even a decent privacy. So the cinema kings and queens have taken to wood and dale—especially dale, as represented by ranch life in the San Fernando Valley.

AND what has this exodus done to our El Dorado?

Well, there have always been haunted houses in Hollywood, but until recently they have been haunted only by the ghosts of those who have gone farther west than Brentwood or Bel-Air. There was, and is, the Wallie Reid house—where, when I last visited it, a family of foreigners who probably never heard of Wallace Reid were making their home. There is the Rudy Valentino house—which, I believe, like Rudy's place in the hearts of his fans, remains unoccupied. And there is perhaps the most haunted of all the haunted houses of Hollywood—the one Paul Bern gave Jean Harlow for a wedding present, the scene of their honeymoon and his death.

But now the former homes of even the living stars are haunted. The town itself is.

We have no quarrel with the men and women who contribute so much to our enjoyment if they prefer, like so many of the rest of us, to flee the nervous tension of the city's life. But by their going they have made of the town we knew and loved a spectral spot, a deserted village—filmland's ghost town!

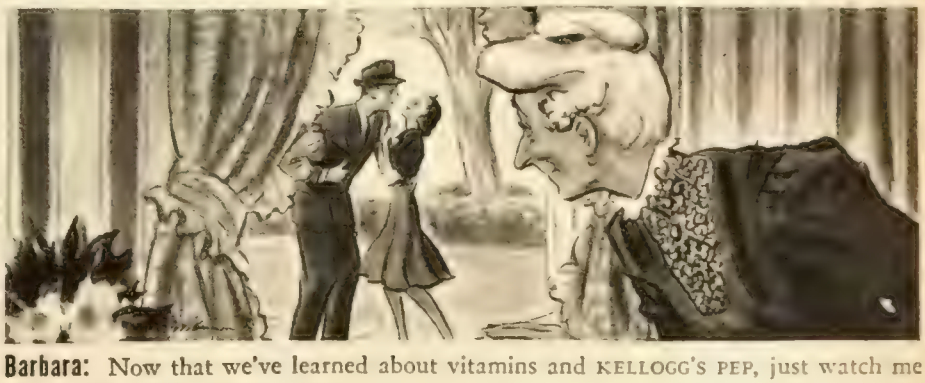
THE END

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

Barbara: Who are *you* to say I haven't any *pep appeal!*
Auntie: Dear! Dear! A little job for me.

Auntie: *Good* morning, children. Did I hear some one mention PEP? I was just thinking how *delicious* a bowl of KELLOGG'S PEP would taste for breakfast. And, you know, it's rich in two important vitamins. Vitamins for pep! Let's have some!

Auntie: Yes, my dears, there would be no pep in any of us—no what you call "oomph"—without vitamins. We need them all. And that delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is extra rich in *two of the most important ones*—vitamins B_1 and D.
Bob: Saay! This PEP *tastes* swell!



Barbara: Now that we've learned about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, just watch me become your "pep appeal" girl.
Bob: *Seems to me you have already!*

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

AS if trying to duplicate exactly her husband's suicide of twenty years ago, the wealthy Mrs. Moira Ballinger is found dead in her home on East Eighty-fourth Street, New York City, with the same silver-mounted revolver employed for the deed and the same set of circumstances leading up to it! Dr. Horatio Pennypacker notifies the Homicide Squad.

The three Ballinger heirs, Patricia, Sidney, and David, have been more or less alienated from their mother. Sidney is really her stepson. Patricia is the youngest, and hard as nails. And because David married a poor Polish girl named Paula, he has been cast off. The dead woman led a spendthrift life and had wasted several million dollars on Jeffrey Linscott, a gigolo now nearing middle age.

Moira's household comprises her older sister, Ollie, and several servants, a few on the staff for many years. When Inspector Herschman of the Homicide Squad and "Spike" Tracy, sleuthing young brother of the D. A., arrive at the Ballinger house, Dr. Pennypacker, a queer bird, intimates that he doesn't believe that either Moira or her husband committed suicide! Further, he directs suspicion to James P. Worts, the family lawyer, whom he has locked in a room upstairs.

Questioning of Miss Ollie and the servants leads to nothing. Alibis, including that of Patricia, are apparently perfect. When Worts is released from Pennypacker's outrageous detention, he is furious. Declaring he must phone in private, he dashes out of the house. Inspector Herschman turns to speak to "Spike," and discovers that he has vanished, too!

WHO KILLED THIS WOMAN?

A fascinating riddle in murder . . Match your wits with its mystery!

BY HARRIETTE ASHBROOK

READING TIME • 31 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

PART THREE— UP A BLIND ALLEY

FOR a second Herschman was puzzled. Then he crossed quietly to a door in the rear hall and opened it. There was a staircase leading down.

Fifteen minutes later James P. Worts returned to the Ballinger house and again mounted the stairs to the second floor. Herschman and Spike were there waiting for him, smoking, cool, at ease.

Worts seated himself with aplomb.

"Very well, Inspector. Now go ahead. What has given you the fantastic idea that Mrs. Ballinger was murdered?"

Herschman blew a long, slow cloud of smoke. "What gave you, Mr. Worts, the idea that Prentice Ballinger was murdered?"

The lawyer didn't move an eyelid. "And what makes you think I thought Prentice Ballinger was murdered?"

"Never mind that. Just answer my question."

"Very well, then. Nothing gave me the idea that Prentice Ballinger was murdered, because he committed suicide."

"Then why, Mr. Worts, were you at such pains twenty years ago to hush up any investigation of his death?"

"I am not aware that I was."

Herschman shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "Have it your own way, but I still retain my doubts." Then he shot another question, quickly, directly: "Where were you last night, Worts?"

"Last night — why, I—" Worts fumbled, playing for time, perhaps. "What time last night?"

"From eight o'clock on."

"I see. I'm under suspicion. I'm supposed to be a murderer. Is that it?"

"Answer the question," Herschman barked.

"Very well. I was at my home. It's right here on Eighty-fourth Street, on the other side of Lexington Avenue."

"All the time?"

Worts hesitated. "No."

"Then where were you?"

"I went out about nine o'clock."

"Where to?"

There was a silence. Worts' jaw

"Get out or I'll start screaming and crowd this room with every known variety of neighbor."

set and two deep glowering wrinkles creased his brow. "I—it's none of your business!"

And there it remained. The inspector's questions—and there was half an hour more of them—broke impotently like soft clods hurled against rock.

When at last Worts had left, Spike slipped quickly out of the room, but was back in a few minutes with a plain-clothes detective.

"All right, Slattery, so what?" he snapped impatiently.

"I couldn't hear a thing—there was too much noise in that cigar store and I couldn't get at the other phone. There were only two booths and the other one was occupied."

"Damn!" Spike said with feeling. "We should have thought of that."

"But I could call the number on a dial phone, using the same positions on the dial as he did, and in the same order."

"Slats, let's you and me get going. We've got to find a dial phone. Rest your feet, Inspector, and we'll be back presently."

Ten minutes later, when Spike returned, he was grinning. "Like hell Worts called his office."

"Yeah?" Herschman was eager.

It's a Beekman number, and it's the office of Ballinger & McCullough—the office of Sidney Ballinger, Moira Ballinger's stepson."

SO maybe I should wear dark glasses and a beard, huh?" Patricia Ballinger, standing in the middle of the streamlined, chromium-plated foyer of her lower Fifth Avenue apartment, posed the question pertly to the younger brother of the district attorney of New York County.

It was half past eight in the evening and they were about to go out. The evening papers were carrying the news in blaring headlines of the sensational death of Moira Ballinger.

"You're likely to be besieged by reporters," Spike reminded his companion.

"Oh, I have been already. But I just left word with Steven—he's the doorman—to tell 'em I had been arrested for driving while intoxicated and was in jail over at the women's detention place on Greenwich Avenue. It worked swell. They all beat it right over there. We'd better hurry before they get back."

She flung open the door into the hall and started out of the foyer. Then she halted suddenly, turned and darted back into the apartment, and disappeared into the bedroom beyond. Spike could hear her speaking, and he listened curiously. It was the same voice and yet an entirely different one. It was pert no longer, and sometimes it was muffled as if, perhaps, the lips that spoke were brushing across soft hair.

"You'll go to bed now, won't you, honey? And you won't worry about me, will you? I'll be back before twelve, and I'll go and see Dave like you said."

There was a soft, half-murmured reply that Spike couldn't get, and the girl's voice again, tender, affectionate—so different.

She closed the door softly behind her as she came out of the bedroom. Then she darted back to the foyer and hooked her arm through his.

"Let's get going."

A few minutes later they were in a smart café. Over a tall iced glass she eyed him as he held a light for her cigarette.

"Tell me," she said, "what's it all about?"

"It's very simple. Your mother's been murdered. Me—I help out a bit

on occasions. This is one of 'em. You're part of the occasion."

She sighed. "I was afraid of that. I mean, your intentions are strictly honorable, all in the line of duty, down in a little book for the official file."

Spike grinned and looked at his wrist watch and shook his head. "Not after nine o'clock."

She grinned too.

"Go on," Spike urged her. "Tell me all about the home life of the Ballingers."

"No sweetness and light. We all got out as soon as we could."

"At least your mother dished out plenty of dough to you. Gals don't have apartments of their own on lower Fifth Avenue, with maids and a car and all the fixings, unless they have a pretty generous allowance."

SHE giggled. "Spike, the boy detective, in action."

"O. K. So I'm dumb. Suppose you explain it in words of one syllable."

"It's easy. Dave's living in some dirty slum without a cent to his name because he can't get a job and Momma wouldn't give him any money. Sidney's up to his ears in financial difficulties for the same reason. Me, I'm the only one who's been sitting pretty. Figure it out for yourself."

"Maybe you're the baby, the favorite. Or maybe—" He paused. "Maybe you were able to—shall we say 'persuade' your mother that it would perhaps be wiser to—ah—accede to your—ah—request."

"Quit gagging and say what you mean—blackmail."

"Exactly. I don't suppose you feel like breaking down on my shoulder and telling all."

"I don't suppose I do. I don't suppose *you* feel like breaking down on *my* shoulder and telling me how come you think old P. B. as well as Momma was murdered."

Spike considered this. "I might," he conceded, "under certain circumstances."

"Such as?"

"Well, for example, if you would report in a little more detail on the home life of the Ballingers."

"I see. You want to do some horse trading."

"That's the general idea."

"Well, I tell you, brother, I've always found it pays to keep what you know to yourself. Look how I've made it pay—and pay and pay."

"Listen, kid." He reached over and took her hand. "Can't you just for one minute act like there's been a murder in the family and answer a few questions?"

"Depends on the questions."

"What do you know about this bird Worts?"

"A lot more than he thinks I know."

"That's not much of a help. I'm asking what specifically."

"Well, for one thing, he used to be sweet on Momma."

"How long ago was that?"

"I wouldn't know. It was before I was born."

"How'd you find out?" asked Spike.

"I don't disclose my sources of information."

"Wasn't your mother sweet on him?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Tracy." She drew herself up in mock indignation. "My mother was a married woman."

"It's still a biological possibility!"

The indignant hauteur vanished. "And how!" she said.

"Meaning there was some one else your mother was sweet on?"

She looked at her watch. "Time's up."

"Damn!" He paid the check. Again in the taxi, he asked where to.

"Well, since you're so hipped on the home life of the Ballingers, you can take me along to Dave's."

"Do the other two children feel the same way toward Momma as you?"

"Yes, but they're too conventional to show it. They're probably going through all the motions of being shocked."

"Listen. Tell me about the little wart Pennypacker."

She laughed. "You certainly do have a way, pal, of putting your finger right on the various aspects of the family love life."

"Don't tell me *he* was sweet on your mother, too!"

"Oh, my, no. He preferred the cobra at the zoo."

"Then who—"

"Aunt Ollie, dope. But only in the most ruffined way, you understand. You know, kissing of the hand and sending a pot of lilies at Easter and a poinsettia at Christmas. That sort of thing."

"How long has this been going on?"

"Years and years. He used to be the old family physician until after P. B. di—excuse me—was murdered. Then Momma, I understand, got a sudden mad on him and bounced him. But Aunt Ollie always called him for us kids and for herself."

"How long has your Aunt Ollie been living with the family?"

"Ever since before David was born."

THEY were going down the Bowery now, a district of flophouses and fly-blown bars, with the el thundering overhead. At Brooklyn Bridge they turned to the left and plunged into the noisy, crowded East Side.

At last the taxi stopped.

"I suppose you know," she explained as she and Spike mounted shaky stairs, "that David married a Polish gal who worked in Ballinger's basement."

"Yeah; I read the papers."

"Momma had a rush of blood to the head and forgot that's where she started herself, and she threw 'em both out. Dave's such a proud young fool that he won't take a dime from anybody. Aunt Ollie and I have been slipping him a little bit now and then, but you've got to gag and tie him to get it down."

They were on the top floor now, four flights up, and they were both panting from the climb as they paused in front of a door at the rear. The girl knocked, and presently they heard a stirring inside and the door opened a crack. Patsy pushed her way boldly in and Spike followed. The girl who had opened the door was haggard-eyed as if she had not slept, and her hair was disordered. She grabbed the other girl's hands impulsively, and seemed not to notice Spike in the dimness of the mean little room.

"Oh, Pat, I'm so glad you're here!"

"What's the matter? Why aren't you out dancing in the streets?"

"It's Dave. He—"

"Who's there, Paula?" It was a thick slurring voice from an inner room, and then a figure appeared in the doorway. The hair was rumpled and the eyes unsteady and they seemed only half to take in what was before them. He slumped against the doorframe, breathing heavily.

"He's been like that all day," Paula whispered to Patsy. "Drinking. He never did that before. I don't know where he got the money. He came in this morning about three and he—"

"What are you whispering about, you two?" Dave lurched across the room toward the two girls. Patsy laid a firm hand on his arm and shook him good-naturedly.

"Listen, drunk. Momma's been murdered."

He stood there blinking at her, his head wobbling slightly.

"Sure," he said. "Plugged right through the brains. Sure. I know. I was there."

INSPECTOR HERSCHMAN felt himself a harassed man on the morning after he had first been called upon to look into the strange death of Moira Ballinger. Spike had hardly spoken two words since he had come into the office and flung himself down in the easiest of the easy chairs, puffing uneasily at his cigarette.

He was thinking. He was trying to decide what to do. He was reviewing that astounding drunken statement of David Ballinger's:

Sure. Plugged right through the brains. Sure. I know. I was there.

Just that—and nothing more, because a swift small creature had flung herself upon him, muffled the loose drunken mouth, pushed him back into the inner room, and slammed the door upon him. Then she stood with her back against it.

"Listen, brother"—and her eyes had blazed at Spike. "We could do without you right now!"

"I'm sure you could; but—"

"But nothing. Get out or I'll start screaming and crowd this room with every known variety of neighbor. I'll tell 'em I never saw you before in my life, that you followed me up here. I'll get the police and have you arrested."

He knew she'd do exactly as she had threatened. And so he got out.

But not entirely. He had waited for her downstairs. An hour; two hours. Finally she had come out and gotten a taxi. But when he had tried

to follow her she had kicked him out—literally kicked him with two small high-heeled feet.

He had had difficulty getting another taxi, and by that time she was gone. Later, at the lower Fifth Avenue apartment house, the doorman had gravely told him that Miss Ballinger had been seriously injured in an automobile accident and had been taken to St. Vincent's Hospital. He had been just fool enough to check up.

He grinned ruefully now as he thought of it. But he didn't tell Herschman. He told him, instead, that he'd spent the evening at home, "curled up with a good book."

"Well, I didn't," the inspector said in righteous and aggrieved tones. "I worked like the devil!"

"And what have you got to show for it?"

"These." He indicated a pile of reports on his desk and he gave a brief summary. "I had every one tailed — Pennypacker, Worts, Sarah Allred, Sidney Ballinger—"

"SIDNEY BALLINGER?" Spike's eyebrows went up in inquiry.

"Yeah. You said yourself we must keep our eyes peeled for people who were on deck twenty years ago and still are. Well, twenty years ago—"

"Sidney Ballinger was fifteen years old."

"Old enough to pull a trigger on a gun."

"On his own father?"

Herschman shrugged. "I'm not taking any chances. I even had the old lady tailed. I stuck a guy down in the lobby of that Fifth Avenue apartment house where the girl lives." He chuckled.

"Oh—uh—who was the guy you had stationed in the apartment lobby, Inspector?" Spike asked.

"Fellow named Bernstein. New on the staff. I don't think you know him."

Thank God for that, Spike breathed silently, and put the name down in his mental notebook as one to be avoided. "What did you find out from the other tails?" he asked hastily.

"Nothing much. Every one went home and acted as they should. I haven't got the reports yet from the guy that was on Worts. You see, my theory is that somewhere in the list of those five people—Worts, Pennypacker, Allred, Sidney Ballinger, and Miss Ollie—we're going to find something interesting. Maybe even a murderer."

"Yeah," said Spike dryly.

"There are two people concerned that it seems a bit foolish to include. David Ballinger at the time of his father's death was only three and a half years old, and Patricia Ballinger wasn't even born yet. So they're out."

"Yeah," Spike said again.

"There's one other person to be investigated, of course, and that is the maid, Adrienne Cachin. We'll have to take a trip over to Jersey and talk to her. In the meantime, I've

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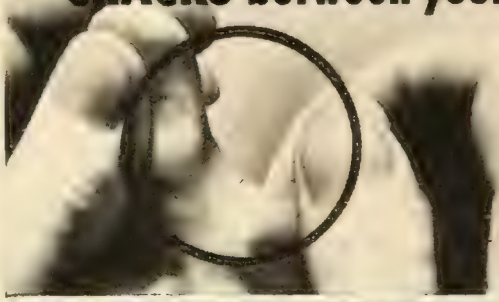

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done a little checking and discovered one or two interesting things. First of all, I figured this way: Nicholas saw Moira Ballinger alive at eight thirty. The Medical Examiner says she died sometime before eleven thirty. So the hours between are the crucial ones. So what do we find?"

"First of all, that Sarah Allred, Miss Ollie, and the first parlormaid are out."

"*Right.* They left the house at eight and did not return until a little before twelve. The stories of the three women agree, and Nicholas corroborates *the time of their return.* Next I checked up on Pennypacker and Worts. A patient up on Ninety-eighth Street and the Drive—I've got the exact name and address—*called* Pennypacker about eight o'clock. He was there until nine and then returned home and apparently spent the rest of the night there."

"What do you mean, 'apparently'?"

"Well, we have only his word for it. He *says* he went to bed at ten, but who is there to prove it?"

"Nobody. How about Worts?"

"He had dinner at home. He's a bachelor, like Pennypacker. After dinner, about nine, he went out and he didn't get back until twelve."

"And he says that it's none of our business where he was. What about Sidney Ballinger?"

"I didn't have time to get around *to him yesterday, but I discovered* he belongs to the firm of Ballinger & McCullough, and is in up to his ears. A firm named Partridge & Behr have *their note for $100,000, renewable to*day—and up to yesterday they refused to renew."

Herschman indulged in a few dramatic flourishes.

AND so," said Spike, catching obligingly at the bait—"and so Sidney Ballinger murdered his stepmother so he could get the money to meet the note."

"Maybe," Herschman conceded. "But here's something else that's interesting. James P. Worts is also heavily interested in the firm of Ballinger & McCullough. So heavily that if it were to fail it would put him in pretty serious financial straits."

"So he helped," Spike amended.

"Maybe that too. *Only* here's something I can't figure out: Why would either of them or both murder Prentice Ballinger?"

"*Yeah.*" *Spike shrugged.*

"Anyway," Herschman went on, "I did some more questioning of the butler after you left last night, and I found out who Moira Ballinger's callers were the day she died."

For the first time, Spike seemed to sit up and take an interest in things. "Yeah—so who?"

"Well, she slept until about noon, had a combination of breakfast and lunch, and then about three o'clock in the afternoon Sidney Ballinger came. He let himself in with his own latchkey—it seems, according to the butler, that all three of the children have retained their latch keys even though they have moved out of the house—and he spent about half an hour with his stepmother. At about half past three he left. Nicholas gave him his hat and stick.

"Then a few minutes later there was another caller, a Mrs. Jason Talman, who Nicholas says is a friend, a more or less frequent visitor. At four he brought tea to Mrs. Ballinger's private sitting room. It's on the second floor in the rear, right behind her bedroom. He doesn't know exactly what time Mrs. Talman left, but he says that at about six thirty Mrs. Ballinger rang for him. She was alone, and she said she wished her dinner served to her in *her room.* She also said she was at home to no one who might either call in person or telephone. But no one did call.

"He said that she was perfectly serene when Sidney Ballinger left, and that when he took the tea in for the two women she seemed O. K. then too. But at six thirty, when she called him in, she looked like the wrath of God and had difficulty in speaking. Something was burning her up."

MAYBE," Spike agreed. "And then again, maybe it was between four and six, because at six, you remember, Worts said her maid called him and made the date for the next day. I'm rather inclined to believe *that telephone call had something to* do with whatever upset her."

"Yeah," Herschman agreed. "So it looks like there are three things plainly indicated for today: A talk with Sidney Ballinger, one with Mrs. Jason Talman, and one with Adrienne Cachin."

"Right," Spike said, and rose and reached for his hat. Fifteen minutes later Spike and the inspector were striding down a corridor and walking unannounced into the office marked SIDNEY BALLINGER, *President.*

". . . now that renewal of the note held by Partridge & Behr is assured, we may . . ."

Sidney Ballinger broke off in the midst of dictation and looked up startled at the two men who had come so unceremoniously into his office. Then he was seized with irritation that expressed itself in a cool sarcastic voice:

"If you don't mind, gentlemen, kindly wait outside." He picked up the telephone on his desk and barked *at the operator:* "Please do not let any one into my office. I thought I told you that—"

Spike reached out a hand and pressed the crossbar on *the transmitter,* breaking the connection. "Not her fault," he said. "We came in practically over her dead body. This is Inspector Herschman of the Police Department."

Sidney Ballinger suddenly became grave and apologetic. He dismissed the secretary, and the three men were alone. "You are here, I suppose, about the unfortunate—death of my stepmother."

Spike wondered if there was any significance to the slight pause before the word "death."

"Yes, Mr. Ballinger," Herschman said. "There are a few questions we'd like to ask you."

But, before he could do so, Ballinger had put in one of his own. "Is it true, Inspector, that you are of the opinion that it was not—suicide?" (Was there wariness and tenseness in his manner?)

"We don't know yet. That's what we're trying to find out."

"But you can't possibly think—"

"Look, Mr. Ballinger. Let me ask the questions, not you."

"Of course. I'm sorry, Inspector."

"I understand, Mr. Ballinger, that you paid a brief call on your stepmother two days ago—the day she died. May I ask what was the purpose of that call?"

"Certainly. I tried to borrow some money from her."

"Did you succeed?"

"No."

"How much did you try to borrow?"

"One hundred thousand dollars."

"Rather a large sum."

"Not in comparison with the Ballinger estate."

"Of which you now receive a third."

"Yes."

"What did you want that hundred thousand for, Mr. Ballinger?"

"To meet pressing financial obligations of this firm."

"So that your stepmother's death comes at a very fortunate time."

Sidney Ballinger frowned. "Is that, Inspector, what you're basing your suspicion of murder on?"

HERSCHMAN looked at him with a level gaze. "When some one is murdered, Mr. Ballinger, it's usually necessary to establish a reason—a motive."

"But you surely don't think—"

"Remember, I'm asking 'em, not you. Let's get back to the afternoon of the day before yesterday. Tuesday afternoon. You left your stepmother's at what time?"

"Sometime about three thirty or four."

"And then what did you do?"

"I returned to my office and worked here until about six o'clock. My secretary can verify that. Then I took the train to my home in Mount Vernon and had dinner with my wife and two children. I spent the evening at home with my wife alone. There were no visitors, no telephone calls, and no servants. We have only one maid and it was her night out. But my wife can verify what I'm telling you."

The voice was snapping now and tense with suppressed emotion.

Herschman took down the home address in Mount Vernon and eyed Ballinger coolly. "No use getting angry, you know."

"Sorry," curtly.

"Now tell me, when did you first hear of the death of your stepmother?"

"Yesterday afternoon. Mr. Worts telephoned as soon as he was released from his unofficial incarceration."

Herschman looked a little nettled. He hadn't expected the admission of that telephone call to come so easily. "And the sole purpose of that call was to apprise you of the death of your stepmother?"

"Wasn't that enough?"

But, before Herschman could go on, Spike put in a question: "And immediately after Worts got in touch with you, you got in touch with Partridge & Behr, and as a result of your conversation with Partridge & Behr the hundred-thousand-dollar note which they held will be renewed?"

"Yes."

Spike gave a your-witness gesture to the inspector. But Herschman, before he posed his next question, paused a little. Then he asked a strange one: "You're about thirty-five, aren't you, Mr. Ballinger?"

Ballinger looked slightly puzzled, as if he couldn't figure out just what that had to do with the case, but he answered readily enough, "Yes, that's right."

"That would make you fifteen at the time of your

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father's death twenty years ago."

"Yes."

"You were living in the house at that time?"

"No; I was away at school."

"What school?"

"New Mexico Military Academy."

Herschman felt nonplused but tried not to show it. "Pretty long way from home, wasn't it?"

"Yes; but as a child I didn't have very robust health. A warm, dry climate was prescribed. I was out there four years."

Riding north in the police car a few minutes later, Herschman said: "I've got an idea. It's pure theory, of course, but just the same it sounds reasonable. Suppose Worts was sweet on Moira Ballinger."

Spike felt himself stiffen a little, but he only said, "Yes?"

"And suppose Prentice Ballinger found it out, and threatened not only to change his will, shutting out his wife, but also to take the not inconsiderable Ballinger business away from Worts' firm. And so Worts ups and plugs him."

"But how, then, would you account for Moira Ballinger's death?"

"Easy. You're losing your grip, boy, if you can't figure that out. He plugs Ballinger. Moira Ballinger knows it. And then, for some reason or other, twenty years later her knowledge becomes exceedingly dangerous for him. So—"

Spike nodded. "I think you've got something there, Inspector."

MRS. JASON TALMAN was out. Out of the city, in fact, and would not return until the following week. No, they did not know where she had gone. Mr. Talman was away too, on a business trip.

"So now we try Adrienne," Herschman said as the police car sped through the Holland Tunnel en route to Jersey City. "I like French maids," he confided. "Cute legs. Their eyes roll."

The sister's house was on a quiet street in a very comfortable middle-class section. Adrienne herself opened the door to them. If she had "cute legs" she didn't show them, and her eyes remained on a firm, dead level that suggested a shrewd peasant. She appeared to be somewhere in her fifties, and she spoke good English but with an accent.

She did not seem at all surprised to see them.

"But of course. You are the police. Madame is murdered. You come to me who knows her best." Her voice was even and steady.

"First of all," Herschman began, "do you know of any one who might wish the death of Mrs. Ballinger?"

"Yes, monsieur. When one is rich, one is never safe."

"But I mean who specifically?"

"That I cannot say."

"Now about the afternoon of the day Mrs. Ballinger was killed? That would be Tuesday afternoon. Tell me who, if any, were her visitors."

"Her stepson, Mr. Sidney Ballinger, and later a friend, Mrs. Jason Talman."

"No one else?"

"No one, monsieur."

"Did you make any telephone calls for Mrs. Ballinger?"

"One — to Mr. Worts, madame's lawyer. She wished to see him the next day. I made the appointment."

"And what did she wish to see him about?" He tried to make the question sound casual and unimportant.

"That I do not know, monsieur."

"Sure about that?" he snapped.

"But monsieur does not think I would lie to him, does he?"

SPIKE, sitting listening and smoking, had a feeling himself that, if the occasion demanded, Adrienne Cachin could be a supreme liar. But everything she had said so far was corroborated by the testimony of other witnesses.

"At what time did you call Worts?"

"About six."

"What time did Mrs. Talman leave?"

"About half past four."

"Tell me, did anything happen, while Mrs. Talman was there, to upset Mrs. Ballinger?"

"That I could not say, monsieur."

"But surely you saw Mrs. Ballinger after Mrs. Talman had gone. Did she seem upset then?"

"Perhaps. I did not notice."

"How could you help noticing?"

"Monsieur, you must understand that I have worked for madame for twenty-two years. And madame was a woman who was often 'upset,' as you say." She gave an eloquent shrug of her shoulders.

"What time did you leave the house?"

"At about half past six. My sister, who is ill, telephoned."

"What time'd you get here?"

"About a quarter to eight, and I have stayed here all the time ever since. You see, monsieur"—and the suggestion of a complacent smile broke the even stolidity of her face—"I have what you call the perfect alibi."

But Herschman looked skeptical. Then he demanded suspiciously, "What's the matter with your sister?"

"She has the flu. If you would like the name of her doctor, I can give it to you. If you like, I will give you, too, the name of the neighbor who was with her when I arrived Tuesday night, and who stayed here with us until late. It was eleven o'clock when she went back home. If you like—"

Herschman indicated emphatically that he would like very much, and he noted down names and addresses as she gave them to him.

"Now, you say you have worked for Mrs. Ballinger for twenty-two years. You were with her, therefore, at the time of her husband's death twenty years ago."

"No, monsieur."

"What do you mean, 'No'? You were working there, weren't you?"

"I mean I was not at the Ballinger home at the time of Monsieur Ballinger's death. I was in Florida."

Herschman nodded. He remembered the previous statement of Pennypacker. "That's right; you were with Mrs. Ballinger."

"No, monsieur; I was not with madame. Or perhaps I should say madame was not with me."

"What's this?"

"Madame left the house at Sarasota on a Tuesday morning, for a brief visit to New York. She did not take me with her. She was alone. It was very sad. She arrived in New York on a Thursday, just a few hours after they discovered the body of monsieur. I remained behind in Sarasota. But if monsieur would like the name of the caretaker and his wife, who have lived there for the last twenty-five years and who will bear witness to my words, I shall be glad to give it."

In his corner, listening to the procedure, Spike was thinking: Again the perfect alibi. But how should she know that one was required for a certain period twenty years ago?

"You took care of Mrs. Ballinger's room?" Herschman was saying.

"No, monsieur. One of the maids, Jennie, does that."

"When was it dusted last?"

"If you mean *really* dusted, monsieur, I would say not for a week—not since I did it myself, in desperation." Here at last was a subject on which she seemed to display some hint of Gallic emotion. "That Jennie, she is no good. Each day, of course, she comes, but she does not dust—really. It is just flick-flick. I have spoken again and again to the housekeeper. I have complained. But that housekeeper—" An expressive shrug seemed to indicate that the housekeeper was not a person fashioned after her heart's desire.

BUT you looked after Mrs. Ballinger's clothes, kept the dresser drawers in order—all that sort of thing?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"At the time you left on Tuesday evening were the dresser drawers in order—the clothes and stuff all neatly arranged?"

"But of course, monsieur. Why do you ask?"

But monsieur did not answer. He was deep in thought. There were a few more routine questions. He rose to go, and Adrienne Cachin accompanied them to the door.

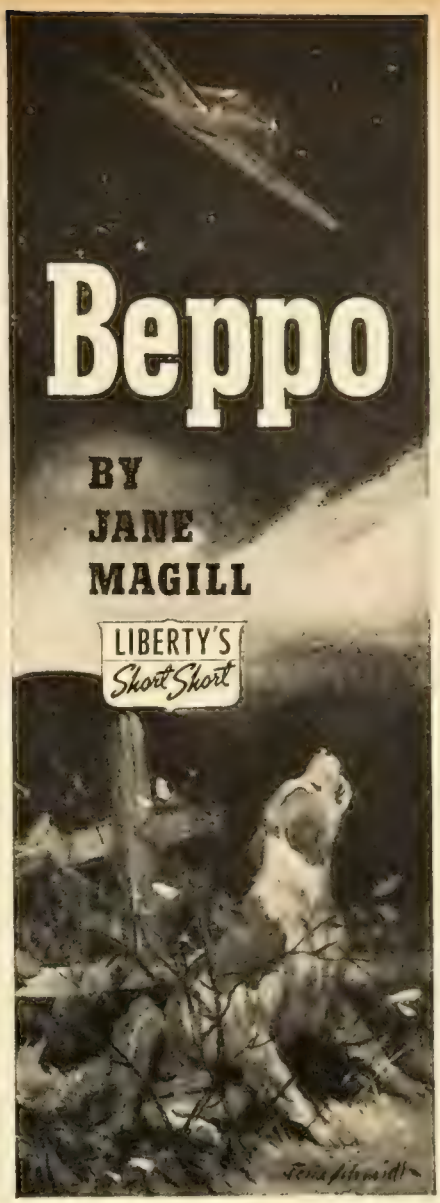
"Tell me, monsieur," she said, as she stood with her hand on the knob. "They have opened madame's lockbox at the bank?"

Why has the French maid directed attention to Moira Ballinger's lockbox? Will it hold the real clue to this extraordinary case? And what lies behind the drunken Dave's incriminating declaration? There are amazing revelations in store for you in next week's Liberty — beyond your keenest imagination!

Beppo

BY JANE MAGILL

LIBERTY'S Short Short



THE darkness of night overtook the dog when he had limped only about ten miles from the burning village. He wanted to keep on following that so loved scent of his master . . . but the jagged hole in his hind quarters had bled and he was weak and tired. He was hungry, too—and he had never been hungry before in all the ten months of his life. He couldn't understand it. Only yesterday little Philippe had romped with him, had fed him from his own plate.

Now Philippe was gone—down this road; all the dog had ever known was gone. He was miles from a home that no longer existed, and there were no kind hands to scratch that spot behind his ear and say, "*Dors bien*, Beppo. And guard the house well."

Beppo, dragging his body off the dirt road now, and into the small patch of trees, remembered how things had been before. . . . He whimpered as he laid his body down, then growled as he heard the dull high drone of an airplane.

Just last night that same strange drone had awakened him—and he had growled softly. But that had not been enough; it had not chased the thing away. Beppo had failed in his one duty to his family. And Beppo's heart—doglike—was aware of this. He was miserably ashamed. Perhaps that was why they had deserted him. . . . He had been a bad, bad dog—but when he caught up with them down this road, he would belly-crawl toward little Philippe and wag his tail dejectedly. Philippe would forgive him, as always.

He had tried to follow Philippe and Mama last night. That was after the drone had given way to the most terrible noises and something had rained down from the skies and half the house had caved in. There had been screams and confusion and people running. Mama had snatched little Philippe's hand and started to run too. Beppo, stunned by the wound a hurtling something had made in his back, had dragged himself after them. Philippe had jerked his hand from Mama's and run back and gathered Beppo in his arms.

"We cannot take Beppo," Mama had cried. "Put him down! He is dying. See, he's all over blood. Oh, come, child!" And Philippe had wailed and hugged him closer. That had been the last good thing that had happened to the dog. Mama had snatched the child's hands away from Beppo and they had gone on, leaving him on the road. . . . alone.

And now he lay whimpering in the patch of forest—too tired to go farther. Even as he slept, his tail was between his legs in shame. He had not guarded his sacred trust. He had let that droning thing wreak this havoc on those who'd loved him.

IN the morning Beppo felt stronger. He started out again, limping, following Philippe's scent.

Late in the afternoon he came to the outskirts of a village very much like the one he had left, only there were no holes in the streets and no hot flames eating at the little houses. Beppo sniffed and followed the smell of food into a garden. A woman came to the back door and looked at him. Beppo tried to wag his tail.

The woman saw the hole in his back and put her hand to her mouth in a sudden gesture of despair. "You poor little beast," she said. "I hadn't thought what happens to dogs and cats—all our pets—in a war." She turned and went into the house.

When she came back a young girl was with her. There was a pan of water in the woman's hand. Beppo barked his thanks and put his dry tongue into the cool wetness.

When he had finished drinking, the woman touched that pain in his back with exploratory fingers. "And he lived," she said, "and probably the people he belonged to were killed." She sighed. "And will we be next?"

"Stop it, Berthe!" the girl said.

Beppo had some thin soup, and he wagged his tail and touched his nose to the woman's shoes in gratitude. He curled up in the garden to sleep. In the morning he would start out again to find Philippe. . . .

That high strange drone Beppo now feared awakened him in the middle of the night. He barked frantically, sharp piercing yelps. The woman came to the window. "Stop that noise, dog," she called. "Be quiet! You'll wake the whole town."

The droning sound was fainter now and fading fast, so Beppo quieted down. He had done his duty. He had warned them, told them, as he should have done last night.

But, although quiet now, he was wide awake, alert. His eyes were lifted, expecting that roar and thunder again from the sky. It did not come. Instead, the dog saw something too terrifying and too curious to bark against. Two enormous white things were floating silently downward. Black objects hung, twisting, onto them.

The two parachute jumpers landed silently in a field not a thousand yards from Beppo. The dog was waiting for them. No human being had ever been unkind to Beppo, and he expected these two men—now that he knew they were men—to notice him; pat him, even. He ran between them, sniffing, barking a soft welcome.

And then one of them did something that no one had ever done to Beppo. He raised a hard blunt foot and kicked. Beppo was surprised and hurt for an instant, and when the man advanced toward him, the dog did a purely instinctive thing. He bared his teeth and sank his sharp fangs into the man's leg. The man tried to kick him off; but Beppo, furious and frightened, hung on.

Then the man shot Beppo.

"*Dummkopf!*" the other man whispered fiercely. "The noise!"

As he lay on his side, paws drawn up close to his body to ease his agony, Beppo heard, dimly, the sound of running men, the wail of a siren, the boom of guns. Streaks of fire went past him, into the woods where the two ghost men had fled.

IT was very early in the morning when the two women who had befriended Beppo found him. The woman called Berthe stooped down and picked him up gently.

"Suppose they hadn't shot him," she said, with terror and wonder in her voice. "Suppose the sound of that shot— Oh, Marie, what can we do for him? He saved us all, and now he's—he's—" Tears fell on Beppo, and the dog stirred in her arms. It was good to hear a gentle voice; it was good to be held again. He would never find Philippe now, never win forgiveness with his wagging tail . . . but this creeping numbness from pain was good, too—and Beppo died almost happily.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

The War Days of Queen Elizabeth

From behind the scenes: The stirring chronicle of a woman's royal courage

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Queen Elizabeth, then Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, was fourteen when World War I began. When her father's Scottish castle, Glamis, was turned into a hospital, she helped minister to the wounded soldiers. When the clouds of the present war appeared in the sky, she realized that war duties might again loom large in her life, this time on a much bigger scale than before, because, as Queen, she would be head of women's services in England. As war became imminent, she came to London from Balmoral Castle in Scotland, where she was on a holiday with her daughters. She was with the King during his most anxious hours and when, on that fateful evening early in September, he stepped before the microphone to speak to his people, she listened to his voice at her own radio.

PART TWO—
A QUEEN IN UNIFORM

MONDAY, September 4, 1939, Great Britain awoke to realize that the catastrophic events of the week-end had not been some dreadful nightmare but cold and rather terrifying fact. Passages of the King's speech still rang in his people's ears.

It is said that when the great evacuation scheme was submitted to the King for his consideration, he felt that it was such a momentous proposal that he would have to think it over very carefully before giving it the royal assent. As a matter of fact his delaying the decision was to enable him to discuss the matter with the Queen. She gave the scheme her warmest support.

It was obvious that British mothers would be greatly distressed at having to be parted from their children, but it was Queen Elizabeth's contention that, after the first shock of separation, their characteristic common sense would soon come to their rescue. Evacuation was entirely voluntary, and yet the percentage of parents who refused to allow their children to be sent into the country was comparatively small, for statistics showed that 85 per cent answered the call.

Deep down in the basement of Buckingham Palace special air-raid shelters had been constructed many weeks before the war. Their furnishing was personally supervised by the Queen, in conjunction with Mrs. Ferguson, the palace housekeeper.

At one end of the principal shelter stands a large flat-topped table with silver-cornered blotter and inkstand and two telephones. One is of ordinary black vulcanite and the other of cream, so that the King can differentiate between the direct outside line and the one connected to the palace switchboard. Set at right angles to the King's desk is the Queen's work-table, containing all necessities for knitting or sewing. This table was arranged at Her Majesty's own request.

Adjoining this shelter is another one for the senior members of the household. Attached to the royal air-raid "suite" is a small kitchen, occupied during a raid by a member of the palace kitchen staff.

The day that war was declared the King and Queen received their gas masks. The Queen immediately tried hers on. Then a sudden thought occurred to her. She insisted on seeing her maid's mask, and compared it with her own.

"Yes, they *are* the same," said the Queen. "I thought perhaps they might have given me a special one."

Methodically Her Majesty indicated to her entourage and household the changes that she intended to make in her daily routine. She would commence her "official" day at 9 A. M. instead of at 10. All entertaining was to be cut down to a minimum, and even then must consist only of small dinner parties of an official or semiofficial nature. It was characteristic of the Royal Family to ration themselves voluntarily months before it became officially necessary for the general public.

The Queen suggested voluntary economy among the servants. She felt that it would have been unfair to penalize them just because they happened to be in the palace service, by putting them on compulsory rationing before the ordinary man in the street.

The Queen, if she can possibly manage it, always tries to have her tea at home about half past four. It is at this hour that the King can usually snatch a brief twenty minutes from his work and join her.

KING GEORGE VI is, of course, *ex officio* Supreme Commander of the three fighting forces and holds the rank of Field Marshal of the Army, Admiral of the Fleet, and

The King and Queen, both keen students of the social and industrial problems of workers, visit an armament factory.

Chief Air Marshal of the R. A. F. These commands make him automatically a combatant in the war, quite apart from his status as King.

Within a few hours of the declaration all the members of his family were importuning the King for active posts of national service.

Queen Mary decided to pay a series of visits to friends in the country, but before she left the capital she told the King not to hesitate to recall her should he find the slightest use for her services. In the meantime she made a point of visiting and "adopting" evacuated children in the neighborhood of the various houses in which she stayed. The Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent also threw themselves into war work.

By far the most important appointment made among the royal ladies was the Queen's appointment by the King to be Commandant in Chief of the three principal units of women's voluntary service — the Women's Royal Naval Service, the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service, and the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, thus giving her rather similar ranks in the women's war services to that held by the King in the fighting services.

One day, when the war was only two weeks old, a famous ladies' tailor delivered at Buckingham Palace three uniforms. The Queen tried them on. She sent for her lady in waiting so as to get a woman's verdict, and later she insisted on "parading" for the King's inspection.

Immediately her appointments were officially announced in the London Gazette, the Queen summoned the commandants of the units to a conference at Buckingham Palace. Weekly reports of their progress and work are sent to her. Promotions in rank are always referred to her.

One of her first duties on her appointment as Commandant in Chief was to make the Princess Royal, her sister-in-law, a Commandant of the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service. The Princess, of course, is no stranger to war work. When the war of 1914-18 broke out, she — then Princess Mary — threw herself so ardently into war work that the late Lord Kitchener said of her, "There's a little 'soldier' whose example has done more than anything else to rally the women of England to the colors."

DURING the early days of the war a domestic ritual took place at Buckingham Palace each evening between six and seven o'clock. The Queen's ivory telephone in her private sitting room would whir gently.

"Hullo, mummy." It was always Princess Elizabeth who spoke first to her mother because she is more adept than her sister at using the telephone. For a quarter of an hour the Queen would exchange the day's news with her children. Often the King would also chat with the Princesses.

What *does* the war mean to them? For her age, Princess Elizabeth takes the war very seriously. She reads the newspapers religiously each morning

BY MAVIS COX

and keeps abreast of all the war news. She was most intrigued at the pictures she saw of women doing all kinds of war work. "I'm going to be a firewoman!" she announced, and on being asked the reason replied, "I think the uniform would suit me. I like those dinky little hats." She was referring, of course, to the kepis of the Auxiliary Fire Service.

The Princesses are running their own little Comforts Center at Balmoral, knitting and rolling bandages.

Dozens of letters addressed to them are received from evacuated children, as well as many letters from children abroad.

One letter was sent to Princess Elizabeth not long ago from America by a little Pennsylvania girl whose Christian name also happened to be Elizabeth. She wrote: "I wish I could get your father and mother to let you come over to this country

where it is safe. We have a big house, and you could stay with us. The one dollar enclosed is money that I have saved and I am sending it to you so that you can give it to somebody there and use it in helping some of the poorer children.

"And I hope you win the war!"

WHEN King George was Prince Albert, he became known as the "industrial prince," because since early manhood he had made a hobby of industrial psychology and social welfare. Since he became King he has been able to advise his ministers on many occasions on the best way in which to use the nation's man power. The knowledge he gained by mixing with the youth of the country at his summer holiday camps has enabled him to interpret their strength and their weaknesses. The Queen has read many of her husband's books on his pet subjects and has quite advanced ideas about the treatment of employees—especially girls.

One day Queen Elizabeth read in one of the morning papers that a unit of the Women's Voluntary Service and certain Sussex schools had combined to provide schoolchildren, both local and evacuated, with hot lunches (with two helpings if they liked) for the sum of threepence.

The following day found her speeding in her car toward the little Sussex town of Selsey, where these lunches were served. She stood at the end of the hall as the hungry youngsters poured in, all eyes.

Soon all the tables were full and the food served out. Then a wave of excitement passed up and down the hall, heads turned as one toward the raised platform at one end of the room where Her Majesty was seated at a trestle table like all the others.

"She's eating it, too," the murmur could be heard on all sides. And, to the excitement of all present, the Queen had a second helping!

When, soon after the outbreak of war, the Queen heard that her sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law were giving up their official households in London, she suggested to the King that the many empty rooms in Buckingham Palace should be placed at their disposal. Not only would this be an economy all round, but it would do away with the necessity of special precautions being taken to guard each member of the Royal Family individually against air raids, instead of collectively, as would be the case if they all used the palace as a residence when they were in town.

So "Royal Hotel" came into being—and Buckingham Palace is now always referred to as such by all the members of the Royal Family.

IN no other war in the history of the world has aerial warfare and campaign by radio broadcasting taken such a vital part. It may be wondered why the King and Queen do not broadcast more often. The main reason lies in the tradition of constitutional monarchy that they shall speak directly to their subjects only on occasions of national importance, on state occasions, and when some annual festival makes it a fit and proper gesture. Frequent royal broadcasts, no matter how carefully worded, might have an injudicious bearing on the policy of the government. Neither the King nor Queen broadcasts without receiving the approbation of the full Cabinet in session.

Special records are made of all broadcasts by the King and Queen and of all important speeches made by members of the government. These are carefully preserved in the royal archives at Windsor Castle. Here also are the records of all the broadcasts by the late King George V, and those made by other members of the Royal Family, including the Duke of Windsor's historical abdication speech.

How did the Royal Family spend the 1939 holidays? How was the King's birthday celebrated? Next week comes the concluding article in this series on the home life and wartime duties of Great Britain's Queen.

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

Every Thursday and Saturday

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

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Boston	WAAB 9:00 E.D.T.	Minneapolis	KSTP 9:15 C.S.T.
Buffalo . . .	WGR 10:00 E.D.T.	New York . .	WOR 9:00 E.D.T.
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Cleveland . .	WHK 8:00 E.S.T.	San Diego . .	KGB 7:30 P.S.T.
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RAZOR BLADES SOMETIMES CUT THE CUTTER. WHEN THEY DO AND CUTS NEED BANDAGING...
USE A READY-MADE BAND-AID (AFTER TREATING THE CUT PROPERLY). NO FUSSING WITH AWKWARD, HOME-MADE BANDAGES.
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GOLF IS A GOOFY GAME

Like most golfers, Billy De Beck, the cartoonist, hates to lose a new ball.

Woes and worries—and fun! A lively listening-in on some famous devotees

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE man whose locker was next to mine came and sat down on the long bench, and I glanced quickly at his face. His expression was one of utter dejection, and I knew enough not to speak but returned silently to the business of tying my shoes. He just sat there, not moving but staring ahead with burning eyes.

After a moment Albert, the locker-room attendant, appeared. He didn't speak either. He stood there waiting. Pretty soon the man looked up and said briefly:

"Scotch-and-soda."

Albert nodded respectfully and departed. The man returned to his brooding. I continued with my dressing. You get to know things instinctively around a golf club. You know when to speak and when to keep your mouth shut. You know when to ask questions and when to wait until information is volunteered.

In a minute or two Albert returned and handed the man a tall glass. He set it down on the bench and signed the slip that went with it. Then he picked it up and took a long drink. He exhaled loudly as he finished swallowing and suddenly he began to talk.

"It doesn't make sense," he muttered. "It just doesn't make sense. If you happen to have a good round you come in all elated and full of enthusiasm. You're gay and happy; all's right with the world. If you have a bad round you're sunk for the rest of the day. And for what? There isn't any sense in this silly game at all."

He took another drink from the glass, and when I turned away from the mirror where I had been adjusting my tie, I saw that a sparkle was returning to his eyes.

"What did you have today?" I asked.

"Eighty-seven!" he snorted.

I shook my head sympathetically. But I remembered when he would have been gurgling with glee if he had had a ninety-seven. That was three years before, when he was still struggling to break a hundred, the first thrill of a golfer's career—and the beginning of ambition that always remains beyond reach.

For golf is like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. In the beginning your only hope is to hit the ball, preferably in the general direction you are aiming. After a few rounds you may be playing eighteen

BY RICHARDS VIDMER

holes in something like 105, and then you start lying awake at night, thinking about those short putts you missed, the drives you topped, and the trees you hit. You twist and squirm, add and subtract, and figure you might have broken a hundred if—

At that point all you ask is to break a hundred. It seems the acme of achievement. It would take you out of the dub class. After all, if a fellow can break a hundred consistently—

But when you get into the high nineties you are not entirely satisfied. Of course ninety-sixes and -sevens are all right, you muse, but if only you could play in the low nineties—ah, then you wouldn't apologize for playing with any one! Of course a lot of golfers could beat you, but at least you wouldn't hold them up.

Still, when you start getting your

ninety-ones and ninety-twos, you begin dreaming of the eighties. Not low eighties, of course, but just to play around in eighty-seven or -eight. That's all you would ask. Maybe you make it. Maybe after a while you even get down to scores of eighty-two and -three. Maybe you are playing in club tournaments, even winning a few. But you aren't happy. You are thinking about the seventies. And after that you begin worrying about par figures. There just is no end to your ambition.

One time I ran into Gene Sarazen up in New Hampshire and we paused long enough to play the Ekwanok course at Manchester. Neither of us ever had seen the layout before. Not that it mattered whether I had seen it or not, but the point is that Sarazen never had. He was unfamiliar with the texture of the turf, the roll of the greens, the location of the pins, the distances to carry, and the dozens of other little things that cost even the best golfers a stroke or two.

But Gene was hitting the ball that day and he had his putting touch. Par, par, birdie, he started, and the gallery began to gather. Birdie, birdie, par, he continued, and the crowd was awed. When we finished the first nine, word was carried to the clubhouse that Gene Sarazen was playing and had just turned in 32.

He had been playing almost carelessly, laughing along, talking with the spectators, taking time out to sign autographs. But as we stood on the tenth tee he asked:

"WHAT'S the course record up here?"

Some one said it was 66.

Gene nodded and drove. Par, birdie, birdie. He started reeling off the figures. Par, par, birdie. He kept it up, making his shots click, dropping his putts with mechanical precision. He came home in 34, tying the record, and every one stood around and stared in awe.

We went to the clubhouse, sat down and ordered refreshments. The room was filled with excited chatter. Every one had to be told of Sarazen's sensational round.

"Holed a twenty-footer on the fourteenth—"

"Got home with his second on the long hole and just missed his putt for an eagle—"

"Under par all the way after the third hole—"

But Sarazen hardly heard the reverent voices about him. He sat gazing reflectively out of the window, apparently admiring the far green mountains that rose against a background of blue. Apparently he hadn't given a second thought to the record he just had tied. But suddenly he sighed and turned.

"You know," he said, and there was a note of despair in his voice—"you know, I might just as well have had a sixty-three out there, if—"

As I said, there's no satisfying a golfer.

Take a thing like new golf balls. They take on a value far beyond their actual cost, and I've seen many a golfer blow a short putt that cost him five dollars with less violent reaction than he would show at losing a new ball. One time Billy De Beck, the cartoonist, walked out with three new balls and tossed a couple of them to his brown-skinned big-eyed caddie waiting on the first tee.

"Now you keep your eyes on these," he said. "I don't want to lose them. You hear?"

"Yas, suh," was the reply.

Billy looked at the youngster.

"You haven't got astigmatism, have you?" he asked.

"No, suh!" was the reply. Then, hopefully, "Maybe it's in de bag!"

"Well, look and see," the cartoonist ordered, whereupon the youngster turned the bag upside down, dumped out the clubs, tees, tape, cigarettes, rain jacket, and other assorted articles and looked them over carefully.

"Don't seem to be here," said the caddie with a puzzled frown. "Must you have left it inside."

ANY one playing golf could take lessons from Bob Jones, not only in the mechanics of the game but in general attitude and deportment both on and off the course. He always was and still is the highest type of sportsman, and golf is as stern a test of sportsmanship as any game offers. It is played strictly on the honor system, and because there are more opportunities to cheat than in any other sport, there is less of it.

In a National Open championship Bob Jones stood off to the side of the course, addressing his ball in the rough. He swung his club and sent the ball sailing toward the pin. Then he sank his putt and walked over to the scorer.

"I had a five there," he said.

"No, a four," corrected the scorer.

"I had a five," Jones insisted. "When I was addressing my ball over there in the rough, it moved. I have to take a penalty stroke."

No one had seen the ball move except Jones, and he lost the championship that year by one shot—the penalty shot he had called on himself.

Several years after, I recalled the incident to Bob and said something about it being a very sporting thing to do. He looked up in bewilderment, surprised I even should mention it.

"There's only one way to play this game," he said.

Probably the strangest proposition I ever encountered on the golf course came from Deac Aylesworth. Playing in a miscellaneous foursome, he suggested that we have a side bet and proposed that I give him two strokes a hole. I didn't think I could give my grandmother two strokes a hole, so I offered to compromise.

"I'll give you two strokes on every hole except the par threes," I said. "And I'll give you one stroke on those."

But Aylesworth shook his head.

"No," he said. "I want two strokes on every hole—except the par fives. You can have those before we even start. I concede them now!"

These are the little things that make golf a pleasure, even when you lose. The little laughs along the way, the companionship and competition make up for the irritations of a few bad rounds. They may break your heart at the moment, but after a hot shower and a cold drink they bring on a glow of satisfaction.

There are, of course, all sorts of golfers, not necessarily differentiated by the scores they make. There are those who go about the game in a businesslike manner, like the man who shot a 74 against me and then honestly said that it was only the third round he ever had played. I found out later that he had been practicing shots for two years. And there are those, like the above Mr. Aylesworth, who don't care if they ever get any better as long as they can have their fun and get a big enough handicap to keep them in the match.

But my favorite golf story is about a crowd of men who, each winter, took a week off and went to Pinehurst, where they indulged in all-night poker games and all-day golf matches. One of the group was an old fellow getting along toward seventy, whose hands shook under ordinary conditions but especially after three or four days and nights of golf and poker.

IT happened once that he came to the eighteenth hole needing a long side-hill putt to win all the money in the match. He stood over his ball with legs wide spread, sighting the line, measuring the distance with his bleary eyes. His knees quivered and his hands trembled. And then, just as he was about to putt, a big brown dog dashed out from the corner of the clubhouse, sped across the green, and straight between his legs.

The old fellow never batted an eye but made his putt. The ball rolled across the green and fell with a rattle in the bottom of the cup.

There were loud exclamations of admiration. Even the losers rushed forward and patted him on the back.

"What a putt! I never saw anything like it!" one exclaimed. "I don't see how you sank it with that dog running between your legs."

The old man looked up in startled surprise. His eyes were wide with wonder and a hint of fear.

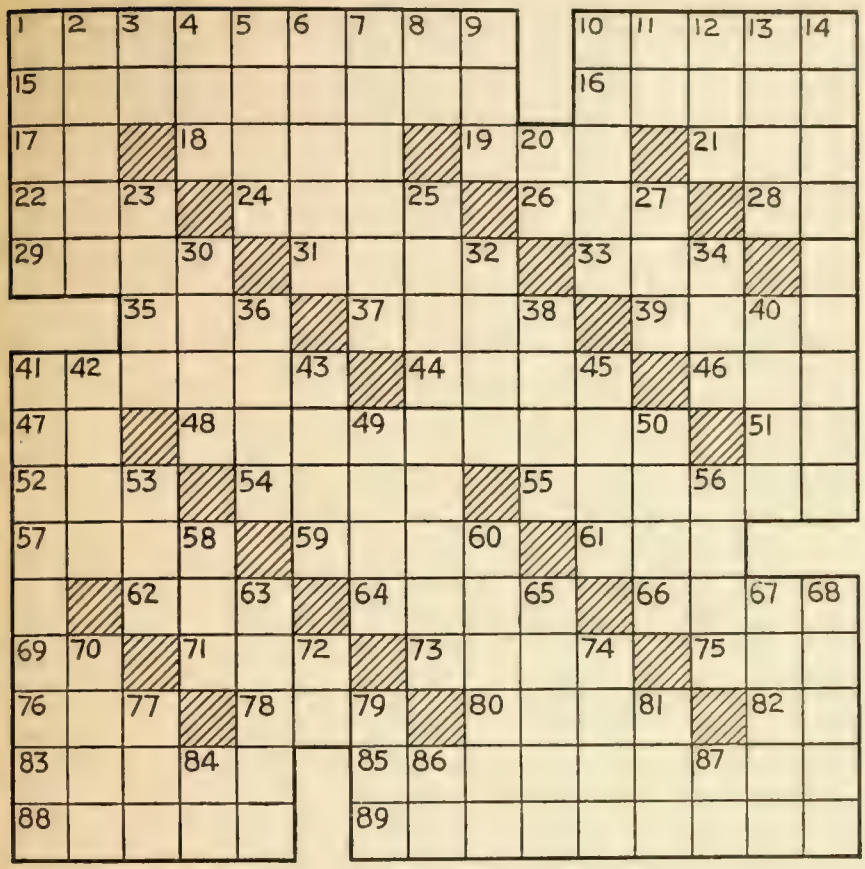
"Don't tell me," he exclaimed, "that was a real dog!"

It's a strange game, an exasperating game, and some one once called it a humbling game. There isn't any sense in it when you analyze the depression that follows a poor round and the elation after a good one. Neither accomplishes anything, really. But, say! Isn't it nice that summer is here again and the fairways are beckoning us out, and we're so sure that we'll cut ten strokes off our scores!

THE END

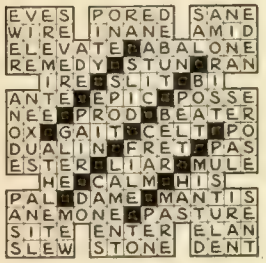
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Spinitch, or a wreath for Little Adolf (two words)
10 This was heaved around by the opera singer
15 Measle wagon
16 Attar of garlic
17 Piece of nightshirt
18 Hair-chested tenor
19 This gets in and out of the darnedest holes
21 Kind of man dear to movie magnates
22 Jittery gin-agerie (abbr.)
24 Tubby Two-Ton, The Man of Weight
26 Many a married man has to answer for this
28 Kind of man not dear to movie magnates
29 Nasty little nippers
31 Nits to you, little woman
33 Pigheaded dame
35 Make love backwardly
37 What beer turns to in Galento
39 Elan in the '90s
41 How Fido turned up at the ball park (two words)
44 Cat that made good
46 Headman in a French card game
47 The Dook to Wally
48 50,000 items in our national overhead
51 The bone in Caesar's head
52 Without benefit of Hymen
54 51-51
55 Any girl with a beautiful figure has this in Hollywood
57 You'll have to answer for this, Mrs. Astorbilt
59 Call for Mrs. Katz
61 Salt-water daffy
62 This poor fish hasn't got a fin to his name
64 Collections of old literary junk
66 The oranges of tomorrow and the peaches of today
69 Try these on your phuphpher
71 Hoofbeat
73 Make two feet cover one yard



Last week's answer

75 The present one's always the worst
76 A better place for a cockney to avoid dive bombers
78 Cover-up for anemia
80 This story's told backward
82 Glamour in the '20s
83 How to get what you want at a boardinghouse
85 Maid mad (sounds sane to me) (two words)
88 Why gals go to men's colleges
89 Osculation chronometer (use your hourglass) (two words)

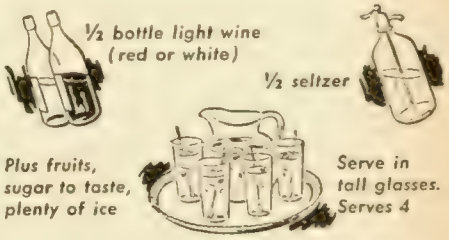
VERTICAL

1 Clown in furs, kept behind bars
2 Leaves out
3 What the egotistical baby philosopher said
4 The Man on the Bench
5 He was crowned in Norway
6 Nosy
7 What professors do with gas in their cars
8 Medal for mettle (abbr.)
9 "Not this but soon," promised the procrastinator
10 Slenderized Galentos
11 When attached to Al, it becomes talkative
12 The old bean, used by cooks
13 Hint from the future
14 Fellow who fights Joe Louis
20 The Hindu's cry at twilight
23 Dry cleaner's dog
25 They precede gas attacks
27 Here's the dirt on Ireland
30 This follows the gas attack
32 This worm's been done in by nylon
34 There's a movement abroad to bring this to America
36 The screwy thing about beer barrels
38 How to trust Nazis
40 How things are done in Mehico
41 Motorman, father of Lizzie, now 8 (two words)
42 Poetic tributes to Greek urning power
43 Mars' puss, perfectly described
45 Dutch housewives get in Dutch if they aren't this
49 Chinese vegetable
50 A whacky way to control a child
53 First lady
56 It's all wet and sounds weird
58 How to entertain your girl inexpensively
60 —— of Minnetonka
63 Wooden ribs
65 What the fifth columnist does out in the country
67 Useless thing about a shooting gallery
68 His mother was frightened by a goat
70 The greatest dog lover of all
72 Doghouse occupant
74 This is kicked around Europe
77 What the chorus girl would rather do
79 No Good King (abbr.)
81 Threesome
84 Cockeyed Enthusiasts (abbr.)
86 Columnist's double talk, and favorite references
87 When will America arise?

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Summer Entertaining features "COOLER" made with Wine

LIKE TO SET before your guests a drink that really beats the heat? This "wine cooler" ice cold and tangy in a tall glass ... fragrant and colorful ... is now rated "tops" by many smart hosts and hostesses. Part of the charm of a wine cooler is that it's on the moderate side. Here's how to make your first wine cooler...



OTHER "COOLER" RECIPES FREE

at the store where you buy the wines of California. California wines are grown to strict standards of quality. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive. Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco

Lighter Complexion by using Mercolized Wax Cream

A simple way to remove the dull, drabness of your complexion and reveal the lighter, lovelier skin tones. Just use Mercolized Wax Cream as directed. Its active ingredients help to flake off the older, darkened surface skin in minute, almost invisible particles, revealing the fairer, younger-looking underskin. SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. PHELACTINE DEPILATORY removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

YOUTH AGAIN!

WEST LOS ANGELES, CALIF. —May I say that I am heartily sick of Mrs. Roosevelt's articles upholding whimpering, whining youth with the outstretched itching "gimme" palm? Isn't it about time that we, the youth, stop being coddled and treated like children, and allowed to grow up?

The very fact that the A. Y. C. wants the government to appropriate money for our benefit proves that they have a defeatist attitude without the ability to think the problem through. What youth needs is an enlargement and expansion of free enterprise and business. That is the only way we will get jobs; but we will have to prove that we are fit for jobs after they are supplied.

Most of us don't even know what the work habit means—and we don't want to know—without mentioning those other necessary qualities of initiative, good judgment, and self-confidence. And we don't need jobs to learn them! Those qualities can be learned at whatever spot we happen to be. Look around us and find out what needs to be done, and do it. What if we aren't paid for it? At least, we can prove that we aren't afraid of work.

Now, about coddling the radical element in youth in a vague and pleasant hope of reforming them. They don't reform! They merely get worse! I know that Mrs. Roosevelt will disagree with me, but she isn't a youth and hasn't been in these times. I know that my radical friends have only grown more so, because they believe that they are going to reform the world.

Given a set bias, most of us react upon it no matter what the situation is, and most of us were brought up in a world of soft mushy ideas without any firm ideals under us. And most of us think that the older people are merely out-of-date and don't know what it is all about.

Another thing: We have been allowed excesses in free speech, with the older people looking at us with open-mouthed awe, without any one having the good sense to take youth to the woodshed and give it a good old-fashioned licking. Isn't it about time that we take our excesses on the conservative side and stop all this foolishness? Anything has been allowed under the tag of free speech, when it should have been labeled deliberate and calculated license, in order to undermine our form of government.

If we must err, let's do it on the side that will protect, preserve, and guarantee our Constitution.

No other country gives the opportunity that the United States does, but we must work to find it, and have the sense to grab it and work at it. Nowadays the youth expect the opportunity to be poured down their collective throats. I doubt if some of them would have the sense to swallow the offer.

The road back to the work habit is hard, because we have been allowed to drift too long; and the older people could help by keeping youth in the working road, not encourage them to join congresses that follow Soviet policies.—*Polly McCord.*

NO SLEEP AFTER SLAP

TUCSON, ARIZ.—On Mr. Macfadden's Asleep at the Wheel please add my experience to the others. (May 25 Liberty.)

I have done a great deal of

driving, and have found that walking around the car, singing, or even demonstrating typewriters to myself, helped, but none so well as a remedy of my wife's.

We were taking a trip recently, and I mentioned to her that I was getting sleepy. She had read an article in Liberty that had told of some one slapping himself in the face to keep awake—so she slapped me several times.

I was so angry that there was no question of me going to sleep the rest of the trip, and we have had a good many laughs over it since.—*L. S. Raymond.*

¶ **"Why not have a full page of Fulton Oursler's back talk and such?" inquires H. B. of Pennington, New Jersey. "That is almost the best part of Liberty, but it is too short to suit me!"**

FINGERPRINTS OF THE DEAD

YAKIMA, WASH. — We are sorry to see that Miss Kaumeyer (June 15 Vox Pop) is so sadly misinformed on the science of fingerprinting.

I have been in fingerprint work since the World War and have made any number of identifications of unknown dead by their fingerprints alone. Many of these identifications have been made after the body had been in the water, as a result of drowning, for as high as thirty days. The Federal Bureau of Investigation has identified thousands of unknown dead by fingerprints since their bureau was established.

The latest and most commendable work performed in mass identification was made when the U. S. S. Squalus sank off Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in May, 1939, and twenty-three men lost their lives along with two civilians and one officer. The U. S. S. Squalus was raised to the surface nearly five months after the disaster and none of the facial features of these men could be recognized, but by the use of fingerprints every one was positively identified. —*Walter J. Purdin, Supt. Yakima Co. & City B. of I.*

[We received other similar corrections from authorities on this subject. —VOX POP EDITOR.]

SEE ANYTHING WRONG?

CASPER, WYO.—Please take a look at the illustration at the top of the Vox Pop pages. See anything wrong? I do, and plenty.

Take, for instance, the treadles of the two grindstones. The treadles are both touching the floor, yet the crank is just making the turn for the downward stroke. How is this to be accomplished?

Again, both stones are revolving *away* from the operators, a thing not permitted by grinders or the laws of nature. Only emery wheels (and not all of them) revolve away from the one who holds the object to be polished. This is a vital proposition, and should have your immediate attention.—*J. Christy.*

¶ **"Incidentally," asks Jimmy G. of Brooklyn, New York, "why don't you time your puzzles and give us a mark to shoot at?"**

600 HOT POTATOES

SOMERVILLE, N. J.—My hat is off to Mrs. Ralph Brewster of Maine, who, according to Princess Kropotkin (June 29 Liberty), "broke open and buttered six hundred hot baked potatoes with her own hands."

Will the Princess, or any other person, break open and butter a potato in less than a minute? Six hundred, therefore, represent ten hours of

labor, without a moment's pause.

Methinks the Princess was more credulous than credible in her statement. — *Mrs. Doubting Thomas.*

¶ **"Gracie Allen's Why America's Next President Should Be a Woman (June 29 Liberty) is a splendid example of Why a Woman Will Never Be President!" says Mike O'Kelley of Branchville, South Carolina.**

AMENDMENT ON TREASON

LINCOLN, NEB.—I suggest the following amendment to our present constitutional definition of treason. The words in quotation marks

comprise our present definition, the italics my addition.

"Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort," *or in plotting against them by working with and in the interests of any foreign power or in any attempt to overthrow the government of the United States by force.*—*Edwin A. Lewis.*

MOLLIE GIBBONS' HORSE

SEATTLE, WASH.—They would be anemic horseflesh where Mollie Gibbons meets them. (June 22 Liberty.) A three-months-old colt that has trouble about locomotion is a novelty to me, off a 200-acre stock farm. That fellow should have his legs under him, head high, and quite casual about maternal nourishment. At that age they kick up their heels and tear around the pasture no end. But it would be a high bottom rail that he could crawl under: they just ain't built for scrooging.

Why the surprise of the stableboy, and the forgotten

colt, a week after the mother died? And what about Nicky's long mane?—*Ben George.*

¶ "Personally, I think the citizens of the United States would be far better off if they paid more attention to whom they sent to the House and Senate to represent them," writes Willis Denhardt of Bozeman, Montana, "and did not worry so much about who is to be President."

MEETS GREAT TEST OF LIFE

DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.—Of all your good things, I don't think there is anything which has moved me half as much as the letter by Geraldine Lawhorn, the deaf-blind girl, about her great adventure with her dog (June 22 Vox Pop). It has the simplicity of feeling which is beyond all art. It has a courage under handicaps beside which that of Lindbergh seems to me tame.

Today at luncheon my three girls were complaining because they wanted more clothes, or we weren't going up to Cape Cod this summer as usual, or something, and I got out Miss Lawhorn's letter and read it to them. And it moved my wife to tears, and moved them too, healthy egocentric little animals though they are, never having known anything of handicaps, nor much of deprivation or pain.

I don't know what life is for, and I don't think any one does; but I think we can all find some common measure of it in the way an individual overcomes handicaps and faces adversity. If nothing else matters, that does. And I nominate this girl as one who, far more than any other ten thousand you might see on the street, has met that great test of life and shown her own nobility and courage. —*R. T. Lejo.*

BOOK OF EDITORIALS

DENVER, COLO.—The splendid one-page editorials by Mr. Macfadden appeal to me very strongly, and I would like to know if there is any book, pamphlet, or other place, other than your files, where all of these excellent patriotic, up-to-date, powerful articles are or will be gathered together in some handy form, with a good index, for reference and ready use during the coming political campaign?

I consider them the most valuable, plain, and forceful expression of correct ideas that I have ever yet seen put together, and I think it would be a fine thing to have the last 100 or 200 of these editorials published under Liberty's name and cover and sold for as low a price as may be possible. I certainly would be glad to have several hundred of them, if obtainable.—*Harry C. Davis.*

¶ "Man seems to enjoy himself most when he indulges in self-deception," thinks F. A. Cloutier of La Canada, California.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM!

EVANSVILLE, IND.—By Jiminy Cricket! It *did* pay to wish upon a star! There must be something to this "third time's the charm" belief, too.

One, two, three times I tried Liberty's Jumbled Vacation Resorts Contest in as many years, with no luck until the third try. But then—a one-hundred-dollar check! I could hardly believe my eyes.

How merrily will my vacation roll along on those two round fat ciphers. Thank you, Liberty! Most heartily!

Go ahead and stoke your furnaces, Indiana summer. I'm off on that cool vacation! —*Bernice P. Forster.*

LET'S MOVE TO MARS!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Now is as good a time as any for spurring our scientists on to figure out a way to populate some of the planets floating around in the universe.

At the rate the dictators are going, it seems nothing

is going to stop them from polishing off this world, and if they do, it's high time to start looking for new quarters. If, for instance, a civilization were started on Mars, I think the old boys would have a tough time doping out a way to land motorized equipment.

Shades of H. G. Wells—wow!—*Paul B. Lowney.*

¶ "We scoff at the dictators in Europe, but it might be better to have one dictator over the entire country than to have one in each town and city, as we have at present," declares G. S. of Little Rock, Arkansas.

"This stuff you just threw out in the rubbish can, mom—can I have it?"

A Visitor Goes Away and Dies

FULTON OURSLER

THESE ARE strange times. Balbo, his physician, and some of his relatives go up in an airplane which mysteriously explodes. All are killed. Bombs are found in the office of a New York radical newspaper and at 17 Battery Place, poison sac of the Nazi propaganda rattler. A bomb explodes at the British Pavilion at the World's Fair and two Centre Street detectives are killed. **AND HERE IS SOMETHING ELSE** that happened which the newspapers did not tell: A few weeks ago there came to our offices, introduced by one of my old friends, one Major C. J. H. Mackenzie-Kennedy. The major had been active in developing military aviation in Great Britain. He had brought to this country plans in blueprint for a new type of military airplane, a colossus of the skies, far beyond anything ever attempted before. He believed the United States could build these planes and place itself in a position of overwhelming air superiority. The blueprints, he explained, were in a safe-deposit vault. Meanwhile he was going to Washington in a further effort to interest airplane manufacturers and War Department authorities in these plans. He did go to Washington, registered at a hotel. He was dead the following morning. **THE DOCTOR'S VERDICT** was coronary thrombosis. Now I am told that the plans for his superairplane have been sealed in the Library of Congress, not to be withdrawn for one hundred years, except by the major himself. One thing is certain—the major will never withdraw them. As the French sometimes say: "It gives one to think." **THE TIME HAS COME** for every American to think about the future of his country and especially of its defense plans, which seem to be menaced from within more than from without. The death of Balbo, of whom Mussolini was jealous, may have been a coincidence. The reported disappearance of Daladier may turn out to be idle rumor. The automobile accident in which Reynaud is said barely to have escaped with his life may be a coincidence. The chances are that Major Mackenzie-Kennedy's sudden departure from life to death was his natural fate —although he looked very healthy as he sat and talked in the Liberty offices. Perhaps his plans and blueprints were visionary schemes of no importance, although his background in aviation must command respect. But there was nothing imaginary about the bomb in the British Pavilion that took two lives. The fifth column in the United States is an actual menace, and that is why Liberty has been shouting about that danger for many years. We have, more than any other publication in America, condemned the activities of alien agents of Nazism and Communism in this country and the aid given them by our starry-eyed idealists and professorial emotionalists in and out of office. The Federal Bureau of Investigation is at work upon this problem with its usual competence and determination, but the Augean stables can never be fully cleansed until public opinion repudiates all unpatriotic and subversive elements in this land. **A PROGRAM FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE** is offered in Liberty next week by General Robert Lee Bullard. We especially recommend this to your thoughtful attention, together with a companion piece of world significance, Can India Be Defended? by Mahatma Gandhi. We endorse General Bullard's program without reserve. We present the remarkable piece by Mr. Gandhi as an example of bold and imaginative thinking far beyond the acceptance of the world as it is today. No more astonishing proposal has ever been made than this by the leader of the people of India. Besides these serious matters, there is a world of entertainment and inspiration in the forthcoming Liberty. You will, I feel sure, want to read the two sparkling short stories, Cinderella in Reverse, by Royal Brown; and Every Girl's a Story, by Julian Street; the articles, The Tennis Racket, by John R. Tunis; Hollywood Divorce, by Ann Sheridan; The Gentle Art of Torture, by Morris Markey; a Gag Quiz, by Harry Hershfield; and full installments of the serials, My Love Affair with Mussolini, by Magda Fontanges; Who Killed This Woman? by Harriette Ashbrook; and The War Days of Queen Elizabeth, by Mavis Cox. **SALMAGUNDI:** What will we do for rubber? ask some of the alarmists today. Well, "Liberty rubber" is an appropriate name for the new synthetic product recently announced by the Goodrich Company at an impressive and dramatic reception attended by members of the Liberty staff. In the same week a similar product called "butyl" was announced by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Both artificial rubbers are made from a petroleum base. It makes us feel a bit more comfortable to know that American inventive genius can, in time, make us entirely independent of the foreign sources on which we have had to be totally dependent for the rubber which is so vital to our way of life. Under present world conditions it is essential that we be as economically free as possible. Liberty rubber is a big step toward that freedom. When you see an American chemist take a few simple ingredients made from American oil, gas, air, soap, and acid, mix them together in a beaker and produce a curd of rubber, it renews your faith in American resourcefulness. . . . From Hazel L. Schooley of Rochester, New York: "I am much interested in the sports articles by Yankee Stade. Obviously this is a pseudonym. Who is Yankee Stade? Is he Jerry Lewis, Gene Kessler, or Eddie Doherty? One of these three, I bet." Sorry, Hazel, but while it is true that the name is a pseudonym, Yankee Stade is not Jerry Lewis, Gene Kessler, or Eddie Doherty. . . . From the Roycroft Shops in East Aurora, New York, comes a book, Francis Parnell Murphy —Biography of an American, by Samuel R. Guard and Lloyd Graham, the life story of the Governor of New Hampshire. This book makes interesting reading to any student of the American scene. . . . Twelve years ago, during the Presidential campaign between Al Smith and Hoover, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the Governor-to-be of New York, asked me to write a radio sketch that would tell the life story of the Democratic candidate. I did so, and on three Sunday nights over nation-wide hook-ups the sketch was presented with some of the great stars of the American stage and screen, including Helen Hayes and Richard Bennett. Some of the smaller parts in this drama were played by young Broadway actors yet to make their mark. The other day a friend sent us an old newspaper clipping containing a group photograph of the guests, author, and director. Standing in the rear row of this group photograph was a face that was strangely familiar. It was that of a young Broadway actor of whom few had then heard, and who played a bit in our Al Smith show. The name in the caption leaped out startlingly and confirmed my suspicion—Clark Gable!

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY J. F. KERNAN

The Playing Fields of Flatbush

WELLINGTON said that England won its wars on "the playing fields of Eton." Today, the old school men of Britain are fighting for their lives. Already, the war-worn democracies overseas are looking hopefully toward the playing fields of the New World.

What about the playing fields of Flatbush and Fresno, Birmingham and Boston—must America's youth give up baseball for grenades? Will schools turn fire drills into air raid precautions? Will the manual of arms supercede manual training? Will our sons be called up in classes to serve their time in the army? Has it come to this?

These are questions Americans must answer. These are the questions Americans *will* answer while the democratic process still exists. But to see and solve our problems, we Americans must be better informed, must be aroused to a better understanding of the forces loose in the world which have infringed upon our private lives.

Liberty's purpose is "to arouse understanding," to sharpen your insight into the real situations which confront us all as Americans. Liberty's editors guard the frontiers of your mind, warn you against the aggression of ideas, keep you posted on the trends behind events. On the subject of National Defense alone Liberty has published an article every month for the past 16 months—and many more running back to its second issue, May 17, 1924.

Liberty's readers, numbered in millions, will have much to say in the months to come. And they will know what they're talking about. Maybe because they know more about what's going on; maybe because they're the kind of people who *want* to know more, who take their citizenship seriously.

Liberty

EXTRA SKILL AND EXTRA DARING MADE CLINTON FERGUSON AMERICA'S NO.1 OUTBOARD CHAMPION

BOMBSHELL! That's his name for it. Why, it's nothing but a shell with a motor. But when Clinton Ferguson clamps down the throttle of that motor, you've got speed *plus*—plus one man's uncanny ability to squeeze just a few extra miles per hour out of four cylinders. Yes, it's the *extras* that win—even in cigarettes.

135 POUNDS of nerve and driving skill. Hunched in that tiny pit—he roars across the surface in a frothing skid against time. Turns? He takes them wide open . . . with a daring equaled only by the extra skill of his steering hand. Boats, drivers—cigarettes—it's the extras that set them apart...like the extra mildness of Camels.

THE "EXTRAS" IN CAMELS MADE THEM HIS CIGARETTE

THE "EXTRAS" of costlier, slower-burning tobaccos have made Camels the No. 1 cigarette in the field. And the explanation of these extras in Camels is just as scientific as it is logical. Too-fast burning in a cigarette creates excess heat. Excess heat ruins the delicate elements of mildness and flavor. Slower burning preserves flavor and aroma . . . naturally gives a cooler smoke, free from the irritating qualities of excess heat. Camels, with their costlier tobaccos, give you extras that you won't find in any other cigarette—even a slower way of burning that means extra smoking per pack (*see panel at right*).

GET THE "EXTRAS" WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

EXTRA MILDNESS
EXTRA COOLNESS
EXTRA FLAVOR

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

Copr., 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.